



SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,855. Vol. 71.

May 16, 1891.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

ON Friday week divers useful conversations took place in the House of Lords on picture galleries, Maltese infantry, the Newfoundland Fisheries Bill (the wily lobster having necessitated an alteration to circumvent him), and other things. The House of Commons, after some unpleasant preliminaries, necessary for the purpose of purging itself, returned to the Land Purchase Bill, and wallowed therein for many hours. It is not unnatural that some protests should be made at the production of new sub-sections by the Government at this fifty-fifth minute of the eleventh hour. But, perhaps, the grumblers might remember that to force through a cut-and-dried scheme in so complicated a matter would almost certainly lead to mischief. We have some right to say this, as we have not hesitated to blame the Government where they deserved blame.

In the House of Lords on Monday Lord MONKSWEEL'S Copyright Bill was complimented, discussed, read a second time, and then shelved. This was a pity, but the defenders of copyright are apt to forget that it is, however just and beneficent, in its essence a wholly non-natural thing, and that non-natural things are hard to get into perfect order. The Newfoundland Bill was read a third time, Lords HERSCHELL and KIMBERLEY resuming their far from creditable parts of fault-finders. Clause 6 made a desert of the House of Commons (except when men came in to vote for or against amendments) for another whole evening.

Scarcely anything was done in the House of Lords on Tuesday except that Lord CROSS contradicted the "dead or alive" proclamation of the Manipur fugitives. The House of Commons was at first occupied by the painful business of expelling Captain VERNEY, in performing which Mr. SMITH, the proposer, who has been re-elected without opposition for the Strand, and Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the seconder, expressed what has been from the first the sentiment uppermost with all decent people in the matter, a sentiment of the profoundest sympathy with Sir HARRY VERNEY. Whether the fact of the House having thus, like JOAN of Arc "lopped a member off and given it" to the infernal powers, propitiated them we know not. But the spell of the Sixth Clause was shortly broken, and not only did it pass, but the Seventh followed in wild career, and the House breathlessly paused at the second sub-section of the Eighth. A man might get almost any Bill through in a Session or so if this rate of progress could be maintained.

On Wednesday Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE took up some time by trying to prevent a Private Bill (the Manchester Ship Canal Bill) from passing. Then Mr. SMITH arose, and drawing a masterly sketch of the ravages of influenza, suggested that, if the House would be good and get the Land Bill through Committee this week, it might have all next week for holiday, but if not, not. This had a great effect, and Clauses 8 and 9 were got through that very afternoon.

Questions and answers of a little more interest than usual concerning Manipur, the Newfoundland Bill, the Portuguese *modus vivendi*, the HURLBERT case, and other matters having been disposed of, the House of Commons on Thursday, with its usual good behaviour just before possible holidays, took its coat off to the Land Bill. To the horror of Mr. LABOUCHERE and Dr. CLARK, Clauses 10 to 17 inclusive were sent through before two o'clock in the morning, an attempt to maintain the block at midnight having been defeated by 128 to 77. And, no doubt, the 77 would have looked very blue if they had happened to be the majority.

Not content with executing the ruin so picturesquely described by Mr. SMITH (for a row of ten beds containing ten Cabinet, or nearly Cabinet, Ministers is surely a great thought), and actually killing one member of Parliament (Mr. BARBOUR), the prevailing malady has attacked the PRINCE OF WALES. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, is said to be recovering, and a supporter of his in the press, boasting his leader's wisdom in going to bed at once, observes that "evidently Mr. GLADSTONE is a trustworthy guide in other matters besides politics." Everybody will be glad that Mr. GLADSTONE is not seriously ill; but did anybody ever doubt that "My duty to myself" is a very prominent article in his private catechism? We had rather thought that it was sometimes suspected of having swallowed up the two corresponding paragraphs of the authorized form.

Elections and Speeches. The Harborough election went, as was feared, to the Separatist candidate, Mr. LOGAN, a renegade Tory, a very rich man, and a resident in the county, who has been nursing it for years. We fear there is considerable justification in the complaints that the seat was given away by the selection of an entirely unknown Unionist against such a foe. But the result, annoying as it is, once more shows the utter ineffectiveness of Free Education as a rod to conjure with; marry, as one for the beating of Unionists' own backs, it is a cunning weapon.—The VICEROY, who is examining the state of the extreme south-west of Ireland, spoke at Kenmare on Saturday; Mr. PARNELL at Mullingar on Sunday.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made yeasty mirth at Newton Abbot on Monday, at Crediton on Tuesday, and at Exmouth on Wednesday.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at the National Provident League meeting on Wednesday. On the same day Lord SPENCER, in an unwonted fit of cheerfulness, counted more unhatched Gladstonian chickens than we remember to have met for some time; Mr. PARNELL addressed his supporters (and others) at Limehouse.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The capture of the JUBRAJ was announced, but with no details from Manipur, on Monday morning, together with some particulars of Lieutenant GRANT's stand at Thobal. Some excitement was subsequently caused by the assertion that a proclamation offering rewards for the chief leaders of the Manipuris, dead or alive, had been issued; but both the fact and the construction put on it seemed uncertain. Rewards or no rewards, not a few of these leaders were brought in, but the SENAPUTTY was still at large.—Not a little interest has been excited in a new international difficulty which has arisen for the United States. The *Itata*, a Chilean vessel, which had been put under the care of a United States marshal as carrying contraband of war, having taken leg-bail, the question is whether the United States can take her if they catch her—also, perhaps, whether they have anything to catch her with. Meanwhile, President HARRISON has been glorifying, as the special pride of Uncle SAM, distinguished thereby from other nations, "the American home where the one wife sits single in uncrowned glory." Did the PRESIDENT see double when he thus saw a wife sitting single?—The French Commission reported on the Newfoundland arbitration proposals, which were subsequently ratified, and a preliminary vote, agreeing to do what is asked of them, has been passed by the colonial Legislature.—A sensible message was delivered to the Argentine Congress by President PELLEGRINI.—Fresh difficulties have arisen between Sweden and Norway on the most impossible, interesting, and (to England) instructive claims of the lesser kingdom to add management of Foreign Affairs to her present Home Rule.—The

Italian Consul at New Orleans has been summoned home—an act on which various constructions have been placed.—The French authorities on Tuesday personally conducted Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, M.P., who was busying himself in the affairs of France at Calais, on board the Dover boat. Some Frenchmen have thoughtfully expressed a hope that Great Britain will not be incensed at this, and others have nobly protested that they don't care if she is. We can assure both that there is not the slightest fear of it. England would, indeed, be much pleased if Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM would devote the whole of his time and talents to personal activity in foreign countries; but she cannot feel the least surprise at foreign countries not seeing it in the same light.—Great excitement was caused on Monday, and more generally on Tuesday, by a decree suspending payments in Portugal for sixty days. It was also announced that the Russian Loan, though "entirely suspended," was "only an experiment." In this case it is probably unnecessary to say "Credat Judeus."—Some interesting items of foreign news—such as an attempt to assassinate the CZAREWITCH in Japan, the resignation of RIAZ PASHA, the at least asserted determination of the Boers to carry out their Mashonaland "trek" for all President KRUGER's "damping," with Chilian rumours, and other things—were reported on Wednesday.—There is a violent Jew-baiting at present in Corfu, so much so that foreign ships of war have been ordered up to protect the subjects of their respective Powers.—The *modus vivendi* between England and Portugal was renewed for one month on Thursday; and on the same day it was reported, though not officially, that a new draft agreement was signed at Lisbon.

On Saturday the strength of this year's Cambridge eleven was shown by their very nearly beating (one wicket was all they failed by) a very strong England eleven of Mr. THORNTON's, and on the same day Nottinghamshire beat Derbyshire by ten wickets. Surrey last week beat Hampshire by an innings and more than 300 runs, the county which was once the cradle of cricket being hopelessly outclassed, except in the matter of BALDWIN's bowling, which was very fair. The collapse of the Oxford eleven before Lancashire on Tuesday seemed to show that, unless matters change remarkably, there would be little interest in the University match this year. For though Mr. WEBBE's eleven, like Mr. THORNTON's, beat Cambridge next day, the fight was again very close and very good on the Cambridge side. The beginning, however, on Thursday, of the match between Oxford and a Gentleman of England eleven, also captained by Mr. WEBBE, was to some extent a Sermon against Rash Judgment; for the University made a very good show with the bat. The South beat the North on Wednesday, principally owing to the capital bowling of MARTIN and SHARPE and the good wicket-keeping of BOARD.—The richscurry at Kempton Park called the Spring Two-year-old Plate was won by Baron HIRSCH's Windgall, just beating the Duke of PORTLAND's Smew. The Jubilee Stakes this day week went to Colonel NORTH's Nunthorpe, after a good race with a good field, and last year's Two Thousand winner for favourite. The French Derby horse Gouverneur won the Poule des Produits at Longchamps on Sunday. There was not much in the first day of the Second Newmarket Spring Meeting, but Windgall did another good performance in winning the Breeders' Stakes, and a well-priced filly, Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE's Priestess, justified what was thought of her by winning the Somerville Stakes, easily. Mr. FENWICK's Mimi confirmed the repute for speed which she gained in the One Thousand by defeating with sufficient ease a very good field of three-year-olds for the valuable Newmarket Stakes on Wednesday. Thursday racing was not very remarkable, the chief race of interest being, perhaps, the All-Aged Stakes, which Mr. JEWITT's two-year-old Mantlet filly won from a large and fairly good field.

The late Archbishop of YORK was buried with a great attendance at Peterborough on Saturday, service being simultaneously held in his own Minster.—A great amount of discussion among persons interested in the matter has appeared on the proposed new charter for the University of London, the debate having been started last week by Lord Justice FRY.—The appointment of Lord COBHAM (much better known to the public as Lord LYTTELTON) as a Railway Commissioner was announced this day week, and Mr. GOSCHEN spoke to deputations on postal reform and on the decimal coinage, &c., on which last most unnecessary and foolish fad he poured, we

are glad to say, very cold water.—An extremely successful farewell concert was given by, and for, the benefit of Mr. SIMS REEVES at the Albert Hall, on Monday.—The influenza has been playing havoc in the Law Courts as elsewhere, and (partly in consequence of its having grimly remarked to Mr. LOCKWOOD "*Nec ut soles dabis joca*," for some days) a very interesting point of law in *LEE-BARBER v. Army and Navy Co-operative Society* was left undecided by a base compromise. The judge and the counsel exhibited something of that regret which casuists say does not impair, but even enhances, an act of virtue. "After a vista of legislation 'delightful to contemplate,'" said Mr. Justice HAWKINS, "it would have ended in the House of Lords." But he choked down the old man, and ended it there and then.—The Courts on Tuesday were chiefly occupied with interminable foreshore and fishery questions; but there was some interest in the quashing (not on the merits, but on a point of informality of jurisdiction) of the committal of Mr. STOREY, M.P., for perjury.—A very interesting deputation of the scientific persons waited on Mr. GOSCHEN on Tuesday about the gallery matter. Sir BERNHARD SAMUELSON was drawn by the wily CHANCELLOR's innocent remark—"The ground was 'bought for science and art. Do you want it all for 'science?'—to answer with furious frankness that he did. And so do all of them. Sir WILLIAM THOMSON drew a very engaging picture of the staggering state of sucking scientists carrying "very delicate instruments" through the blusterous air of heaven.—Mr. J. W. CLARK was elected Registrar of the University of Cambridge on Wednesday, and on the same day Mr. Justice CHITTY made a compulsory winding-up order in the well-known case of the Hansard Union.—In days when, however much news there be from Hibernia, there is little that is pleasant, it is pleasant to note the honours which have been paid in Dublin to Lord ARDILAUN by persons of the most opposite politics. No Irishman has deserved such honours better; but to many Irishmen who have deserved them well they have, unfortunately, not been paid.—At Oxford, Mr. FFOULKES, Vicar of St. Mary's, exercising a statutory right, but following precedents of very evil omen, has "delated" the Bampton lecturer, Mr. GORE, to the VICE-CHANCELLOR, for unsound doctrine in the pulpit. There will be profane ones who will say that the best end of the matter for the Church, and not the least fitting for the parties, would be for delator and delated to be put together in a bag, parricide fashion, and cast into the Isis.

It would be more interesting to hear Mme. Obituary. BLAVATSKY's thoughts on occult matters now than it was during her life.—The life of horses is not very long, but that of Rosicrucian, who died last week, carries one back to the famous Derby of 1867, which he did not indeed win, but which went to his stable companion, Blue Gown.—The obituary of the present week has been rather full than remarkable, the chief names of note being those of Canon CADMAN and Mr. CHRISTIE—the former one of the chief Evangelical leaders within the Church, the latter a follower in both senses of Cardinal NEWMAN.

The chief book of the week—a book not exactly literary, but interesting enough in matter—is Sir WILLIAM FRASER'S *Disraeli and his Day* (PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & Co.)

THE BY-ELECTIONS.

IF those laugh best who laugh last, it may be admitted that, as regards the recent batch of by-elections, the Conservative chuckle must yield to the Gladstonian guffaw. All that need be added, by way of gentle warning, to those who are signifying their delight by the last-named demonstration, is that "last" is not exactly the same thing as "latest," and that there may be many laughs in store for the other side—both of politics and of the mouth—before the best laughter is finally designated by events. As it is, the Unionist party does unquestionably rise a loser from the recent electoral bout; a loser, we mean, not only in seats—for that, of course, is obvious—but, to an extent which ought not to be minimized, though it need not be exaggerated, in prestige and prospects also. There is, happily, no reason to believe—just yet, at any rate—that the phenomenon is specially significant, or more, indeed, than

merely transitory; but there it is, and it is just as well to recognize and, so far as it contains any instruction, to take account of it. It was not, or at least it is not likely to have been, pure accident that out of the five contested elections there has been only one victory—that of Whitehaven—in which the Unionist majority does not show a falling off from that obtained in 1886. It is true that both in our defeats and victories we have been better off than in 1885; but that, in our view of the matter, is not good enough. It is scant satisfaction to us, for instance, to know that Stowmarket has been recovered for the Gladstonians by scarcely a fifth of the majority which carried it in 1885; or even that, as in South Dorset, the seat wrested from the Gladstonians in 1886 has been retained for the Union by a few votes more than the majority obtained by our opponents at the election of the previous year. Considerations of that sort weigh little in comparison with the fact that the loss of Harborough has been due to the conversion of the Unionist majority of 1,138 in 1886 into a minority of 487, and that the retention of South Dorset has been accompanied by the reduction of the Unionist majority of 991 in that year to one of 40. Nor is the unfavourable effect of the comparison in any way qualified by an examination of the figures. For we find that both the victory was won and the defeat sustained on a much heavier poll than in 1886, and that while in each case the Unionist vote had fallen off by about 200, the Gladstonian had risen in the one case by nearly 800, and in the latter by considerably over a thousand.

Of course there are local and personal explanations to be suggested for these untoward circumstances; there always are; and we may admit that they are rarely without some truth, and frequently contain a good deal. Thus, for instance, in the latest and worst of the defeats which we have sustained, the loss of the Harborough division, it is only reasonable to allow for Mr. LOGAN's manifest advantages over his opponent, and it is also a legitimately consolatory reflection that it would have been impossible for any political party to count on the steady support of a local community so inferior in point of general intelligence to the average of the electorate as to have taken up the anti-vaccination craze. Still, after all said and done, it remains, we think, an indisputable fact that, in nearly all constituencies which have recently had to declare themselves at the polls, there have been evidences of a distinct current of anti-Unionist opinion. In some cases this has shown itself merely by the return of former Liberal abstentionists to the ballot-boxes; in other cases, no doubt, by a direct transfer of votes from the Unionist to the Gladstonian side; and in yet others, it is to be feared by the abstention of Unionists themselves. It is, of course, quite vain to speculate on the relative share which has been taken by these three processes in producing the result. There are obviously no means of ascertaining, if, indeed, there are sufficient data for an approximately accurate guess. It is, however, not unreasonable to assume, in view of recent Parliamentary events, that the last mentioned of the three causes must have operated to some extent along with others; and we need hardly remind either Ministers or Ministerialists, we should think, that it is by far the most serious of them all. The other two we had always to reckon with. No man of sound judgment ever supposed that the Unionist party would retain anything like the bulk of the Liberal electors who, actively or passively, by vote or abstention, assisted us to defeat Mr. GLADSTONE and his policy five years ago. It was quite certain that very many of them would return to their allegiance before the next election. Some would be talked over by other Gladstonians; others would talk themselves over like Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN; and yet others would find other excuses than absolute change of convictions on the Home Rule question for rejoining the Gladstonian camp. It is not difficult for any uneasy Secessionist to persuade himself, if not that Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy is less pernicious in principle, at any rate that it is less dangerous in fact than it was; it is even easier to embrace the belief—which is what Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is supposed to have done—that Mr. GLADSTONE's policy has itself parted with all that was pernicious in its principle, and that it would reappear, if he were restored to power, in the form of a perfectly harmless Local Government scheme for Ireland. All these and probably many other paths were always perceived to be open to the Liberal-Unionists of 1886 for a return to the Gladstonian fold; and every sensible supporter of the Union had laid his account with losing a good propor-

tion of these allies during the existence of the present Parliament, nor thought that any occasion for anxiety would arise until this process of conversion to Gladstonianism seemed to be taking place so rapidly and so extensively as to threaten the existence of the majority by which the Union had been upheld.

It may be even now a question with some of us whether that phenomenon is not already manifesting itself; but we are willing to believe that such a conclusion would just now be premature. This, however, is at any rate clear, that Unionists cannot stand any defections from the other wing of their party; they cannot afford to lose the voters who were anxious to save the country from Mr. GLADSTONE before it was known that Mr. GLADSTONE wanted to sell it to Mr. PARNELL. A Unionist Government must, at any rate, not alienate Conservative voters, or it is inevitably lost. That is the one blunder which will render defeat certain at the next election; and, though we do not say that it has yet been committed, we confess that we cannot feel as much confidences as we should like to feel that it is not in contemplated commission. It is, no doubt, a little too early at present to affirm anything very positively as to the effect of the announcement with reference to free education which formed the main subject of interest in Mr. GOSCHEN's Budget speech. We are not yet justified, perhaps, in saying that it has alienated any Conservative votes. But it is scarcely too soon to advance the strictly negative proposition that it has not yet won over any from the opposite side. If that result is to follow at all—and we must say that, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, it seems to us an extremely improbable one—it has not yet declared itself. On the other hand, we have yet to see whether, as time goes on, the free education policy may not begin to operate for the diminution rather than the increase of the Unionist vote. We do not desire to pass any hasty judgment on the merits of that policy, and we have already admitted in previous comments that it is possible to make out a fairly plausible case, even from the standpoint of principle, for its adoption. Something, however, will depend upon the character of the measure by which the Government propose to give effect to it, and which has yet to be laid before Parliament; and Ministers will be deceiving themselves if they make light of the argumentative difficulties which they will have to meet and overcome, in order to secure the acceptance of this legislation by their party. Above all, they must not allow themselves to imagine that the game which they are sitting down to is one of the kind which "plays itself;" that the policy which the promised Bill will embody can be expected to recommend itself without any persuasion, or indeed without very strenuous and skilful persuasion, to Conservative opinion in general throughout the country. We venture to assure them that the very reverse is the case, and that their new policy will come into court with no sort of presumption in its favour. They must take care that their party-organizers, local and central, the TAPERS and TADPOLES of the metropolis and the wire-pullers of the provinces—men always ready and eager for any *coup* of the Whig-dishing, too-clever-by-half order—do not lead them astray on this matter. There is undoubtedly a large body of solid Conservatism which looks askance at the free education scheme in all its bearings, and which, now that the collapse of the GLADSTONE-PARNELL alliance has rescued the Union from the danger threatening it five years ago, will no longer respond with anything like the same enthusiasm to the cry that carried the election of 1886.

MANIPUR AGAIN.

IT is not surprising that complaint has been made in Parliament as to the extraordinary holding back of the Manipur papers; and we are only sorry that the principal part in the protest was not taken by some member of more weight and importance than Mr. CREMER. The observation may seem flippant, but has really been made, that if it were possible to fix on one particular official who has been throughout responsible for the conduct of this Manipur business, Mr. CAREY's favourite pilgrimage in search of the greatest fool living would be considerably shortened and facilitated. We have said enough on former occasions of the blunders which marked the ill-starred expedition itself, and we think it may be said pretty confidently that the long-expected papers (which were in the printers' hands ten days ago, and have mysteriously failed to get out of them),

though they may divide, remove, alter, or accumulate the responsibility, will not alter the known facts. The punitive expedition, though more successful, was not much better managed than the original raid. And then, to cap the climax, came the issuing, without apparently any communication with England, of the capture and reward proclamation, which the Government knew nothing of on Monday and had to explain on Tuesday. We do not wholly agree with those who at once denounced this proclamation as an uncivilized temptation to assassins. It could not, we think, have been read even by the most ignorant native as an offer of head money, "dead or alive," and though the policy of offering rewards at all in the particular case is at least open to question, we do not think it necessary to condemn it offhand. But the curse which seems to have attended the matter all through (and which would certainly justify an early sentence of this article, if that matter could be brought home to any one person) seems to have continued in full force here also. Any official of the Indian Government must have known beforehand the construction which at least might be put on such a document, and the fact that there were plenty of people both in India and at home who would put it if it could possibly be put. A tolerably intelligent person, therefore, on or before taking the step, would have got the VICEROY to telegraph home, "Going to do so-and-so; be ready to explain and defend it." But no, this would have been to behave like a reasonable being, and our Eidolon (for we sincerely hope he is not a real two-legged creature) who sits up aloft muddling the affairs of Manipur, naturally could not do anything of the sort.

We are not sure, however, that the mere delay in publishing the official documents on the subject is not the worst blunder intellectually, though it cannot be the most disastrous practically, of the lot. If, by some impossible good fortune or sleight of hand, the Government of India is able to prove that everybody all through behaved like a more scrupulous CLIVE or a less high-handed WARREN HASTINGS, the vindication will be tarnished and weakened by the extraordinary time which has been taken to produce it. If what is very much more likely happens, it will justify the unkind but shrewd criticism that the authorities have been putting off the evil day of explanation and confession, in the childish and cowardly hope that the public interest in the subject may subside. At present the line of defence, as outlined "officially," seems to be—(1) That Mr. QUINTON was not told to arrest the SENAPUTTY in Durbar; (2) that, if he did try to arrest the SENAPUTTY in Durbar, it was all right. Now the effect which this kind of varied and alternative plea produces on honest men, who have to judge a matter not of legal technicality but of straightforward politics, is pretty uniform. And it is exposed to the further damaging question, "Why on earth could you not have said this weeks ago and said it 'authoritatively'?" Nobody expects the Indian Government to have even yet composed a complete official history of the whole affair. But the instructions, the first steps taken, and so forth, might have been published, and should have been published, a month ago. As it is, people can only say, and say with considerable justification, that there must have been a good deal of fire where such enormous pains are taken, and taken uselessly, to prevent the escape of tell-tale smoke.

MODERN ALCHEMY.

THE strange case of EDWARD PINTER is still before the learned magistrate at Marlborough Street. We must not speculate upon the guilt or innocence of the accused. Nor, indeed, is it very easy to understand upon what precise charge he has been remanded. He says that he can make gold. So much the better for him. It may be that those who believe him and who back their opinion to an appreciable extent will find themselves out of pocket. But, though the law may be designed for the protection of fools, there must be limits both to the degree of folly it protects and to the amount of safeguard it affords. Certainly Mr. STREETER, the eminent jeweller of Bond Street, at whose instance these proceedings were first taken, is not among Mr. PINTER's dupes. Indeed, it does not appear that the gains of this goldmonger are very remarkable. For the only specific sum he is alleged to have secured is five hundred pounds from a Liverpool merchant, presumptively a young one, six or seven years ago. Nor does

the ordinary intelligence readily perceive why Mr. PINTER should require pecuniary assistance from any one. It is rather he who should be pouring golden showers upon his friends and acquaintances, and the world at large. The man who can make one sovereign into three by a little chemical preparation might surely afford not only to live in Down Street, Piccadilly, as Mr. PINTER does, but to enjoy every seasonable and unseasonable luxury that the heart of man could desire. To the professional wielder of supernatural or preternatural powers there is an obvious answer when he asks for money. "If you are what you profess to be, you don't want money; if you are not, you don't deserve it." Mr. PINTER, however, seems to have been impressed with the desirability, if not the necessity, of putting a little capital into the business. Accordingly he applied to Mr. STREETER for an advance of forty thousand pounds. Forty thousand pounds, under Mr. PINTER's manipulation, would become a hundred and twenty thousand, so that a handsome profit would speedily be realized. Mr. PINTER is apparently always tampering with "this chemic gold, which fools us young, and beggars us when old." He has produced, or says he has produced, a nugget which Mr. STREETER values at nearly three pounds. But if he has been making this ever since he was last heard of in Liverpool, he can scarcely live on the proceeds of his alchemy. There is something simple and childlike in this magician of Mayfair going to Mr. STREETER. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, or the LORD MAYOR, or the PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy might with more or less plausibility have been selected as a victim. But if Mr. STREETER does not know all about gold as she is used, who does know anything in this uncertain world?

Mr. PINTER claims to have the philosopher's stone. He has no doubt beheld the sea-serpent, planted the big gooseberry, and quaffed the elixir of life. This is a free country, as the young lady remarked when the VICE-CHANCELLOR sent her to the Spinning House. So long as Mr. PINTER does not break windows with his stone, or force other people to drink his elixir, we do not quite see where the police magistrate comes in. Mr. HANNAY's precious and not inexpensive services are surely not required to prevent Mr. STREETER from being persuaded that gold can be increased in bulk by soaking it in acid. Eighteen days is the period prescribed by Mr. PINTER for this process, and some change or other he does undoubtedly cause. One of the witnesses thought that a little gold dust, or tincture of gold, was really inserted, in which case there would be no miracle, but also no fraud. Mr. PINTER is a man of enterprise. He proposed to take a house for experiments on the top of Primrose Hill, and there he thought he could make twenty millions in a year and a half. The number eighteen is a favourite with Mr. PINTER. His gold is made in eighteen days, his fortune in eighteen months. It is to be hoped that the precedent will not, with cruel irony, be followed from the judicial bench. For what harm has Mr. PINTER done? What harm is he likely to do? One part of the evidence does, indeed, suggest base suspicions, which we would gladly dismiss from our minds. It is stated that, after the soaking is at an end, the metal is put into a furnace, which sets up such a stench that every one except Mr. PINTER is compelled to leave the room. Then, so unkind rumour avers, the alchemist pockets the sovereigns and also departs. The whole scene suggests BENVENUTO CELLINI, or JACQUES CASANOVA, Chevalier DE SEINGALT, rather than the Londoner of the nineteenth century. But, even if we assume that Mr. PINTER is three-fourths adventurer and one-fourth rogue—which, of course, we assume merely for the sake of argument—is it worth while for the Treasury to prosecute him? Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON is a great adept at turning the blind eye and lending the deaf ear. No one can be more impervious to popular demand for the interference of the Government than he, or the Law Officers who direct him. Why they have descended upon Mr. PINTER they alone know. Mr. STREETER can afford the luxury of a prosecution. Mr. PINTER has kindly declared that he has no designs upon the currency. Why should he not go to the top of Primrose Hill and make gold enough to pave Change Alley? After all, he is a monometallist, and that is something in these days.

EGYPT.

THE resignation of RIAZ PASHA has for some time been seen to be inevitable; and, though it may awaken a certain amount of regret, these natural tears must soon be dried. In the old days when (to go back to a still older state of English politics) RIAZ, NUBAR, and CHERIF were, so to say, the PALMERSTON, DERBY, and JOHN RUSSELL of Egyptian politics—the only three Premiers among whom a Khedive had to choose—RIAZ had certainly not the worst character of the three. He was recognized, and has always continued to be recognized, as a very fair example of the Turkish gentleman of nearly the best school who, if less supple in the hams than his Armenian and other rivals, made up this defect in convenience by an agreeable excess in integrity—who was fairly wide awake to the necessities of the situation, and yet not a mere time-server. The recent attempts to transfer the reforming influence of England from mere departments of State to the home life and local government of the people, to introduce a system of legal procedure at once milder and less lax, to substitute some other extremes besides crucifixion and bribery for the contemplation of evildoers, or persons accused of evil-doing, are known to have met in RIAZ with a stout and staunch opponent. We owe to a little sympathy with him. The usual Occidental never will understand that his system, in which both the fear and the favour, the risk and the profit, of law are cut down to an uninteresting middle term of hard-and-fast proof and hard-and-fast punishment is horrid to the Oriental, who would much rather feel, as he gives his last quiver on the cross, that bad luck, kismet, and the emptiness of his purse have alone prevented him from seeing his enemy there instead, than undergo the comparatively safe degradation of "Six months hard" on the merits, or see his enemy condemned to that mild torment. We sympathize with all men in the case of RIAZ. The crimes of the East, which have been many, have been heavily enough punished by the intrusion of the West. But, as the West has got to intrude, we for our parts, both as Englishmen and as tolerably impartial critics, are very glad that it is England which has got to do the intruding in this particular case.

The French papers are, of course, shrieking against "new encroachments of British influence," "usurpations," "cruel sufferings of Egyptian national sentiment and the self-esteem of the KHEDIVE," and so forth. A Frenchman who writes about foreign politics rarely knows much about them, and scarcely ever, if he does know, thinks it necessary to let his knowledge interfere with his pen. Otherwise it might be worth while to point out that a less "national" statesman than RIAZ has rarely existed, and that the KHEDIVE has notoriously been entirely on the side of Mr. Justice SCOTT and the recent judicial reforms. But there is one unlucky phrase of an Anglophobe French paper which must not be quite so lightly passed over. Europe, says the *République Française* with a despairing shrug, "seems to remain indifferent to these usurpations." Now that is very sensible in Europe. There was once a Frenchman—his name was LA FONTAINE—who could have made a very pretty "Fable of the Two Dogs" on this occasion. Europe—his argument would, we think, have run—the good old grandmother Europe, deputed the two dogs England and France to look after the sheep Egypt. The wolf Revolution came and seized Egypt by the throat. Dog France put tail in legs and stood at a cautious distance. Dog England went in, and in a sufficiently clumsy manner—

Le boule-dogue est bon dans la détresse,
Mais sûrement il manque de finesse—

(this *adepoton* no doubt belongs to the poem) throttled the wolf, and got the sheep back into the fold and into decent order. "O *grand'mère*!" cries dog France, "to when wilt thou defer the punishment and suffer the usurpation of this *boule-dogue*?" And we incline to think that the grandmother's answer, as given by him of Château Thierry, would have been very well worth reading. And it would have pleased MOLIÈRE very much indeed; but as for BOILEAU and RACINE, they, we own, would probably have shaken their heads over it when it was read in the Street Old Dovecote.

THE OWNERSHIP OF SHOEBOURNNESS.

THE case of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL v. EMERSON and others, which was finally decided by the House of Lords on Tuesday last, must have cost the country some thousands of pounds. Judgment has gone against the Crown, the Lords, like the Lords Justices, being unanimously in favour of the defendants. It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable, and illustrates the picturesque irregularity of the British Constitution, that the LORD CHANCELLOR, a member of the Cabinet, rejected the arguments of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, a member of the Government, who appealed on behalf of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. After that let nobody say that an English judge cannot be impartial. The result of the case is somewhat inconvenient to the public, and may possibly swell the Army Estimates. For the foreshore now declared to be the subject of private ownership has been used for the famous artillery range of Shoebourness, the Crown claiming it of right as between high and low water-mark. If the artillery practice is to be continued, an arrangement must be made with Messrs. "EMERSON and others," who will doubtless expect to be handsomely paid for the encroachment upon their property. The importance of the case may be held to have justified the War Office in exhausting the resources of litigation, especially as a strong Divisional Court, consisting of Mr. Justice MATHEW and Mr. Justice CAVE, delivered judgment in the first instance for the Crown. But LORD HERSCHELL's luminous survey of the facts, historical and contemporaneous, leaves no room for doubt, and establishes the claim of the defendants upon an irrefragable basis. Indeed, there are very few places in this country or any other where the perennial exercise of ownership, including the receipt of rent, can be traced so clearly as upon these Maplin Sands. The disputed territory is officially described as "the fore-shore of the sea opposite to the coast of Essex, north and east of Havengon Creek." The possession of the foreshore is always, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, presumed to be vested in the Crown, and this presumption the defendants had to rebut. The defendants, who were the respondents in the House of Lords, set up a title as lords of two manors, Great and Little Wakering. They made out their right of fishing, even to the satisfaction of the Divisional Court. But they asserted, also, that they were owners in fee simple, and this assertion they have demonstrated. The first question to be determined was, how far a several fishery implies the proprietorship of the soil? Lord HERSCHELL answers that it is evidence; but not conclusive evidence. "A several fishery," said Baron PARKE, "is no doubt *prima facie* to be assumed to be in the soil of the defendant," that is, the grantee of the fishery. For, though one might be granted without the other, it is probable that they would be granted together, especially as in many, if not in most, cases the fishery is far more valuable than the technical property in the sand. But, of course it may be proved, as a matter of fact, in a particular instance, that the fishery has been conveyed apart from the soil, or the soil apart from the fishery. In the present case, nothing of the kind could be shown.

Lord HERSCHELL refuses to admit the existence of the exception to this doctrine which has sometimes been put forward, notably by that very eminent judge, Mr. Justice BAYLEY. In other words, he will not allow that it makes any difference whether the waters are tidal or not. But the respondents did not depend exclusively upon their several fishery. Their great point was kiddles, and on kiddles they may be said to have won. What, then, are kiddles? "A kiddie," says Lord HERSCHELL, "consists of a series of stakes forced into the ground, occupying some seven hundred feet in length, with a similar row approaching them at angle [*sic*]. The stakes are connected by network, and at the angle where the two rows approach a large net or bag is placed for the purpose of catching the fish." This is a substantial exercise of ownership enough, and suggests rather the French mode of fishing for lobsters than the English mode of fishing for cod. Sir MATTHEW HALE, or Lord HALE, as Lord HERSCHELL prefers to call him, following the usage of the period, distinguishes between two kinds of fishing. These are not the worm and the fly, nor the hook and the net, nor the old hat and the crooked pin. They are the method of angling with movable apparatus, whatever it may be, on the one hand, and the establishment of fixed contrivances which are closely connected with the soil, or, in the words of that great lawyer, are "the

"very soil itself." His examples of "gurgites, brachie, "stoechia" do not much assist the modern reader, though they may serve to employ his imagination. But it is curious that Sir MATTHEW HALE's distinction, followed by Lord HERSCHELL at the distance of two centuries and a half, is almost exactly the same as that drawn by the Newfoundland Government in protesting that the landing-stages of the French and their lobster-huts are not authorized by the Treaty of Utrecht. Lord HERSCHELL's argument is, that no grant of a several fishery could in the least involve the power to erect such things as kiddles, and that where the kiddle is there must be the ownership also. The manors of Great and Little Wakering "may," says Lord HERSCHELL, "for all practical purposes be now treated as one." This exceedingly cautious qualification refers to the fact that Great and Little Wakering were only united in the year of grace 1272. In 1419 JOAN, Countess of HEREFORD, bequeathed them to HENRY V. and the Countess of STAFFORD. WILLIAM DANNYER, bailiff to the Countess of STAFFORD, into whose hands the manors came by partition of the Countess of HEREFORD's estate, charged "twelve pence of net rent for one summer "kiddell upon the sands of Wakering, between Bannflete "and Waterflete." This evidence, coupled with various proofs of continuous user, effectually rebutted the presumption upon which the Crown relied. It is a striking example of the unity of history and the nothingness of time.

THE S.S. *ITATA*.

THE case of the s.s. *Itata* may possibly occupy a respectable place in the notes to some future edition of WHEATON. If she does not, it will not be because any effort has been spared to make a case out of her. The *Itata* is a Chilean steamer in the possession of the insurgents, which came some time ago to San Diego Bay, in California, and there hung about for a time. As the Chilean insurgents have no arsenals and no manufactories, and have been fighting for some time, it would appear to require no great sagacity to discover that she must have come to a United States port in search of arms and ammunition. Of course it is contrary to all the principles that insurgents against one State should be allowed to equip and provision themselves in the territory of another. So, if the United States thought that a breach of its neutrality was about to be committed, it had the best right in the world to watch the *Itata*. Nothing could have been easier, as there are several American men-of-war close by at San Francisco. One of them—the *Charleston*, for instance, which is a vessel of nearly four thousand tons displacement, carries eight great guns and fourteen small ones, has a "splendid crew and a "fighting commander" (teste American newspaper)—might have been sent down to San Diego, with orders to lie alongside of the *Itata*. Instead of this, however, a United States Deputy Marshal was put on board her, with orders to keep an eye on her proceedings. More, of course, should have been done than set an officer on ship to watch the *Itata*. It was not to be supposed that she would load her cargo in San Diego Bay. The usual course on these occasions is to load the contraband of war first on a vessel belonging to the country which supplies it, and then transfer to the belligerent at sea. This was done in the well-known cases of the *Alabama* and the *Shenandoah*. Everybody seems to have been perfectly well aware in California that it was to be done by the *Itata*. The obvious thing, then, was to seize the tender. If there was any attempt to do this, it was most ineffectual. What might have been expected to happen actually occurred. The *Itata* steamed to sea one fine day, carrying not only the United States Deputy-Marshal, but a pilot with her. Soon after the tender came into port empty, the Remingtons and ammunition with which she had been loaded having, of course, been first transferred to the *Itata*.

We have seldom read a story which has more emphatically the air of a plant. On the face of it what appears is that the *Itata* was allowed to load her contraband of war by the connivance of the authorities, State or Federal. If there was not connivance, why was she allowed to get up steam—which is not a very short process—and what was the pilot doing on board an embargoed vessel? We hear, indeed, of sentries put over the U.S. Deputy-Marshal, and of pistols produced to terrify that pilot,

who had no business on board. He turned white, according to the papers; but they must mean that he put his tongue in his cheek. Those sentries and that pistol are chestnuts. When the *Itata* had got clear off, the United States Government became suddenly aware that there had been a breach of neutrality, and showed the greatest anxiety lest it should be accused of having followed the example set it by a certain wicked country in connexion with a vessel called the *Alabama*. The pilot, the Deputy-Marshal, the skipper of the tender, and Don RICARDO TRUMBULL, agent of the Chilean insurgents, were all arrested and charged with breaches of the neutrality laws. This was quite reasonable and correct, though tardy. But the next step taken was much more doubtful. The cruiser *Charleston* was sent in pursuit, with orders to seize the *Itata* if she could catch her at sea. This was not done without hesitation and debate, during which, by the way, the *Itata* was steaming home as fast as she could go. We can understand that there was hesitation, for the step is a sufficiently extreme one. The *Itata* does not appear to have broken the neutrality in San Diego Bay, and being a Chilean vessel, she could not break the laws of the Union when once she was out of its jurisdiction on the high seas. On what ground, then, is she to be arrested? It is, perhaps, not going too far to suppose that there is no very ardent desire felt at Washington for her arrest, which, considering the start she got, is improbable. The true mission of the *Charleston* is probably to prove to President BALMaceda that the United States have really done their utmost in this delicate matter. There is probably no ground for the serious fears expressed by thoughtful American journalists as to what may happen if the *Charleston* meets the *Itata* at sea under convoy of the *Esmeralda*, which is known to be waiting for her off Cape S. Lucas in Mexican California. As the *Charleston* is the larger vessel by a thousand tons, as she carries the same number of great guns and more small ones, and as the Chilean has part of her armament and of her crew on board the *Itata*, we can agree with them that the American would probably be able to answer for the *Esmeralda*. At least, if she with her fighting Captain RENY and her splendid crew could not, we should be unable to think nobly of the new United States navy.

STAGE DUELS.

THE public, deprived by the frivolity of philanthropists from its old delights, takes pleasure in a stage combat. Duels are as common on the stage as they are uncommon off it. When the glorious melodrama conjures up the shades of years, we may still behold martialists like the CRUMPLESES, whose chief merit is shown in making the sparks fly. One at the head, one at the leg, one at the shoulder, a slip on one knee, a pistol produced as an afterthought, and so on again, is the programme. The fencing is naturally more scientific in *The Corsican Brothers*; but, if Mr. IRVING really wants to kill the other gentleman, why is the affair so set and formal? CHATEAU RENAUD might as well have to show his art in parrying as well as in attack. The conclusion is, of course, highly melodramatic, but entirely inconsistent with all the spirit of the game. The other gentleman's sword is broken. Mr. IRVING breaks his, and the pair fly at each other like tomcats with the sharp smithereens. No seconds would have stood this for a moment. CHATEAU RENAUD's *témoin* would have taken his man away. But the seconds, in the nature of the case, are the most abject of walking gentlemen. We refer to the parts set down for them, not to their performance in the parts. As a bloodthirsty Corsican, inured to the stiletto, Mr. IRVING has, of course, an unfair advantage. One might as well play a golf match entirely with mashies, or a cricket-match with broomsticks, as a duel with broken sword-points. It is magnificent, but it is not duelling. Another method—the backward lunge—which is effective in a stage fight we comment on elsewhere. We cannot commend LEVER's idea of turning your back to the foe, taking his point therein, snapping it with a twist, and pinking him. It is dangerous, and not fair. Nor was O'BRIEN quite fair when he clapped his left arm over the French officer's blade. But this was, he may have argued, war rather than duelling; besides, O'BRIEN knew nothing of the rules. The novelist and playwright always wishes the neophyte to win. This, as a rule, can only happen when a confident ignorant meets a fourth-rate and

nervous swordsman, not when he encounters an expert. By running in, or by merely holding out a straight arm, the ignorant fencer may alarm, or time, his half-learned and half-hearted opponent. Concerning this, also, they tell of the bold butcher and the nobleman of Florence. The butcher could use the Italian sabre, the noble could not fence at all; but, in his braggadocio confidence he spitted himself on his adversary's point. "God," says MALORY, "will have a stroke in every battle." A good stage subject occurs in a recent volume of memoirs. Two men fight, with small swords, in a drawing-room, while somebody plays the piano to drown the clash of swords. Make this some one a lady, make her keenly interested in the duel, and we think you have a fairly attractive stage scene—especially if the lady brains the winner with the music-stool. Or she can comfort the conqueror with her blandishments. There it is, *à prendre ou à laisser*. No Ibsenites need apply.

Blood has been drawn in stage combats. A most unfortunate amateur MERCUTIO recently was slain by TYBALT's point. JORDAN was seriously wounded by FECHTER in *The Duke's Motto*. Mr. LENVILLE thought of pinking NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Mr. CHARLES WARNER had his hand nearly cut off in a duel with knives, a few years since. No doubt there are other examples. The duel of BONTHRON and HAL of the Wynd, in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, would be perilous to act. Axes make sharp work. A good scene, in a quiet way, would be LANCELOT's defence of GUINEVERE's bower. He was unarmed, and MELIAGRAUNCE was on him with twelve harnessed knights, in the interests of Purity. LANCELOT half opened the door, stunned the first knight with his fist, seized the fallen man's sword, and gave MELIAGRAUNCE and his amateur detectives exactly what they deserved. There was a fearful scandal in Camelot; but these worthy men got no joy of it. Perhaps this would not act well; at all events, the motive would need modification, because our sympathies are won for the wicked and the wrong side. Modern stage duels often show scholarly fencing; but we fancy that, in a real bout, where both parties mean business, all is over in a few rapid passes. A stage-manager in England has seldom seen a real duel, not of courtesy, and has to trust to taste and fancy. Perhaps a truly conscientious English actor should challenge M. COQUELIN, and then use his experience on the stage.

BEHRING SEA.

MR. BLAINE's letter to Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, published last week, does not promise well for the result of the Behring Sea arbitration. There is an impudent cock-a-hoop tone about it, and a smart attorneyism, which have an ugly look. We know, of course, that it would be absurd to expect any American politician to write like a gentleman, for manifest reasons, and particularly foolish to look for that tone from JAMES G. BLAINE. But this does not, after all, affect the main question. American politicians are what they are, and when you have unfortunately to deal with them they must be expected to behave as what they are—persons of the level of manners which is thought sufficient in a vestryman. The misfortune is that our negotiations with American politicians must be expected to have the luck of all arrangements with persons who will quibble and swagger, and look for excuses to wriggle out of engagements, as long as it suits their interests or vanity to keep up a quarrel. That being so, it is hopeless to propose arbitration, or other peaceful arrangement. Incidentally one may acknowledge that some of Mr. BLAINE's attorneyism is quite fair war of its kind. He is entitled, for instance, to say that, if, on the arbitration going against them, the United States are to be required to compensate the Canadians whose vessels have been seized, then, if the arbitration is in their favour, they shall be entitled to compensation for every seal unfairly taken by the Canadians. The one claim is the equivalent of the other. When we, by agreeing to arbitration, had confessed that there was some doubt as to the respective rights of the two States, it would have been better to consent at once to allow bygones to be bygones.

But things of this kind are matters of detail. The most important part—the only important part of Mr. BLAINE's long letter—is his contention that the claim of the United States is based, not on the rights which it inherited from Russia in Alaska, but on the "nature of things." "It"—the United States Government—so says Mr. BLAINE,

"holds that the ownership of the islands upon which the seals breed, that the habits of the seals in regularly resorting thither, and rearing their young thereon, that their going out from the islands in search of food and regularly returning thereto, and all the facts and incidents of their relations to the islands, give the United States a 'property interest therein.' The second part of the clause, which maintains that this interest was inherited from Russia, is really a superfluity. If the habits of the seal confer a right on the United States, it really matters very little what they inherited from Russia. But, unfortunately, the extent of the Russian rights is the only reference which HER MAJESTY'S Government has consented to send before the arbitrators. If, when it is settled, the United States are still to have rights based on zoology to fall back on, we may as well save ourselves the trouble of the arbitration at once. It will be interesting to see what answer HER MAJESTY'S Government has made to this letter. If Lord SALISBURY chooses to fight Mr. BLAINE with the weapons this person uses himself—flouts and jeers—he will have excellent openings. The American SECRETARY OF STATE's quibbling over the extent of the Duke of WELLINGTON's and Lord LONDONDERRY's protest against the claims of Russia presents a considerable temptation, and so does his triumphant remark that "one would not say that 'Dover or Calais was on the coast of the Atlantic, and yet 'clearly the Channel belongs to the waters of the Atlantic.' The point of this wit is that you may as well describe the Channel as belonging to the Atlantic as say that Behring Sea is part of the Pacific. We might answer that if the Straits of Dover (Dover and Calais are not in the Channel) belong to anything, it is to the North Sea, which has never been counted part of the Atlantic. But Mr. BLAINE would triumphantly reply—"but it is the same water you know, and if you say that Behring Sea is the same water as the 'Pacific, I may say that the Straits of Dover are the same 'water as the Atlantic.' In the same spirit of cleverness does Mr. BLAINE point out, that if HER MAJESTY'S Government can legislate for the waters which lie between Duncansby Head and Ruthay Point, the United States can legislate for all the waters sixty miles from the coast of Alaska. Negotiations are rather hopeless with this kind of attorneyism. The worst is that we must continue to negotiate. The interests of the Canadians are concerned, and must not be neglected. On the other hand, it is the interest of the American politician who needs must toady the Irish boss to keep a dispute open. Mr. BLAINE's letter shows that he is resolved to do this, and we are afraid that no arbitration will afford any chance of escape.

THE THREAT OF "KEEPING IN."

A SHORT and simple announcement made from the Treasury Bench by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at the end of last week, and repeated with a slight modification by the leader of the House on Wednesday last, has had more effect upon the progress of the Land Purchase Bill than all the arguments which have been addressed to the intelligence of the Opposition, and all the appeals which have been made to their sense of decency. On Monday the Committee were still engaged on the Sixth Clause of the Bill, the discussion of which threatened to be as protracted as that of the Fifth; but on the two following days the considerations impressed upon them by Mr. SMITH and Mr. GOSCHEN began to tell. The House was within a few days of the date provisionally appointed for the Whitsuntide recess. According to the original plan of the Government, the adjournment was to depend on the completion of the Committee stage of the Bill; by this plan as amended it was arranged that the fulfilment or failure of this condition should, at any rate, determine the length of the Whitsun holiday. The operative force of these two intimations in progressively accelerating the dispatch of business has been very marked. On Tuesday the Committee made an end of their talk on Clause 6, discussed, amended, and passed Clause 7, and, when progress was reported, had made a substantial impression on Clause 8. At an early stage of the Wednesday sitting this clause also was ordered to stand part of the Bill; the next, which was of a merely formal and enabling nature, was passed after a very brief discussion, and the Committee was well advanced upon Clause 10 when the hour of adjournment was reached. Mr. SMITH, striking, as one of his name should, while the iron was hot,

then suggested that it would be for the convenience of the House to suspend the twelve o'clock rule with regard to the sitting of the following day—a proposal which was received with cheers at the time, and adopted the next day, after a merely conventional protest as a formal motion. On Thursday night the rate of progress was more wonderful still; for during this sitting no fewer than eight clauses—ten to seventeen—were actually disposed of; and Mr. GOSCHEN was able before the rising of the House to as good as grant the promised extension of the holiday. He stated, that is to say, that if the House would enter into an honourable understanding that no additional new clauses or amendments would be put down on the order-paper, he would consent to prolong the recess till next Monday week, notwithstanding that the Committee stage would not be technically completed. This arrangement was assented to by Mr. SEXTON on behalf of the other boys, and yesterday the school broke up for its Whitsuntide holidays.

After such an incident as this, it might seem scarcely a paradox to contend that the dispatch of business in Parliament would be promoted by increasing the number of Parliamentary vacations, and that it might be almost worth while to try the experiment of sitting and adjourning for alternate weeks, on the understanding that the adjournment should depend on the industry displayed during the sitting. The childish absurdity, however, of the proceedings of the last few days in the House of Commons ought not to blind us to their thoroughly creditable character as a reflection upon our Parliamentary system. If anything were needed to put the last touch of proof to the charge of Obstruction, it would have been supplied by the history of the past week. The SEXTONS and HEALYS, and even in certain moods the LABOUCHERES and the KEAYS, are capable of assuming all the airs of injured innocence when charged with factiously attempting to delay the progress of the Land Purchase Bill; and we may be quite sure that the Front Opposition Bench would be horribly scandalized at the accusation of conniving at any combination with that object. Yet it appears that the instant these indefatigable critics are threatened with the loss or curtailment of a holiday their critical impulses are instantaneously quelled. The measure of their real desire to "improve" the Bill is given in the fact that they are quite willing to let it pass with all its imperfections rather than make the slightest sacrifice of their own pleasures. It is to the last degree improbable that the eleven clauses which have been passed in about a week can really have deserved less discussion than the half-dozen which were talked about for over a month. Yet, though the inference from this is too plain to be mistaken, the game of Obstruction will, no doubt, be allowed to recommence as merrily as ever after Whitsuntide.

SIGNOR SALVINI ON IAGO.

IN an article which he has contributed to the earlier of the two May numbers of the *Nuova Antologia*, Signor SALVINI speaks in becoming, and even touching, terms of his approaching retirement from the stage. He has from time to time given to the world, in analysis and description, his conception of some of the greater characters of SHAKSPEARE which he has impersonated—MACBETH, LEAR, OTHELLO. He has now added IAGO (or, to follow the Italian typography, JAGO) to this portrait gallery. His motive, he says, is the hope to be of some use to his brother artists, and to the art the exercise of which at no distant time, and with the keenest sorrow, he must renounce. "Art," he says, "is a mistress who remains always beautiful and young. The artist decays as he grows old. She is not untrue to you, but she can live with you no longer; and a conscientious artist, in homage to her fidelity, should leave her free choice of another affection without bearing her any ill-will." This condition of things is not peculiar to the dramatic art. It belongs to all human pursuits, and is one of the penalties of growing old in a world which is perpetually renewing its youth. But it is felt, perhaps, earlier and more keenly, and as a more absolute privation, by the actor than by any other artist. From SOPHOCLES to TENNYSON there has been a noble poetry of old age. The wrench, no doubt, is great, and the reluctance to recognize that to the actor in quitting the stage the moment has come for bidding farewell to his art is natural. The player has lived so much more in other characters than in that which is proper to himself that in quitting

the stage his real life may seem to be coming to an end; he is snapping more than a single tie, he is saying a score of good-byes in one. Mrs. SIDDONS's life, after she had ceased to act, was little more than a dream of what she would have been doing if she had remained in the theatre. "At this time I should be rehearsing"; "Now I should be getting ready to go to the theatre"; "At such an hour I should be doing this, at such another hour that," and so on in painful and rather ignominious self-reminder.

Signor SALVINI has, it may be hoped, found a better occupation for the retirement to which he looks forward with pain. He has possibly discovered something to write on what otherwise might be the blank leaves of his life, which may remain between the close of its theatrical record and the finis and colophon. We do not speak of possible reminiscences. These the world, if we may judge from some recent examples, would willingly spare. Actors' recollections seem too often to consist of things which they might just as well forget, and which the world would be none the worse for not knowing. Practical jokes of a rather stupid kind, the shifts and dodges of management, anecdotes of this man's forgetfulness of his part and of that man's neglect of the call-boy's summons, reinforced by dreary reprints of old playbills as *pièces justificatives*, often make up the farrago of these books, and do much to confirm, by the actor's implied estimate of himself, the disparaging estimate of the public. They do not leave the impression of proceeding from men who have pursued in a serious and self-respecting manner a serious and self-respecting art. There have been exceptions, especially in our times; but this characteristic is too frequent. Signor SALVINI has taken a wiser course, in which it may be hoped he will persevere. When an actor has ceased to be able to personate the characters to which he has given vitality, why should he not deliberately review his conception of them, and meet his critics on their own ground, tracing this applauded or censured detail to its intellectual basis in his own mind, and showing point by point what it was that he intended to do, and why? Signor SALVINI acknowledges his obligations to his critics; but they are obligations which he is by no means reluctant to repay in kind. The proverbial wisdom of Italy coincides, it appears, with the proverbial wisdom of England in the maxim, "A caval donato non si guarda in bocca." Signor SALVINI declares modestly that he is quite ready to act on this proverb in regard to the eulogies of which he has been the undeserving recipient; but he equally expresses his resolution to look boldly into the teeth of hostile criticism.

While the man of letters uses certain fixed rules of criticism, the actor is swayed by a sort of intention, or discernment, eye to eye, of what is true and human. So, at least, we interpret Signor SALVINI's contrast between the conclusions of the mind, working with logic and realities, and the affirmations of the heart. Whatever may be said of the terms in which this view is expressed, we may fairly concede to Signor SALVINI that forty years of daily intercourse with the characters of SHAKSPEARE, the habit, so to speak, of living with them, talking their language, and thinking their thoughts, is a genuine source of illumination with respect to them. "In whom should I be interested, if not in ANTONIO and 'BASSANIO'?" said MACREADY, in justification of his resentment of supposed disparagement of those citizens of Venice who were more real to him, probably, than the men in the streets. The habit of finding tones and inflexions for the words, by-play, gestures, and facial expression for the situations, no doubt, often enables the actor to penetrate more deeply into the character which he personates than any merely critical study of the text can reach. The character reveals itself yet further in the effort to give outward expression to what has been already disclosed; and the actor's tones and gestures are a yet clearer illumination, even to himself, of what he saw but dimly in devising them. Lower depths open out of what seemed the lowest depths of personality. The misfortune is, that the actor whose habit it is to shape his thoughts straightway into vocal and corporeal expression may often be but slenderly qualified to be his own critical interpreter, and to translate instinct and impulse into reason and judgment. He may know what is the right thing to do, but cannot always tell why it is the right thing. In some degree, though in a somewhat less degree than is usually the case, Signor SALVINI's exposition of his acting of IAGO, or, as the heading of his essay has it, "Di una interpretazione dell' IAGO di GULIELMO SHAKSPEARE," suffers from

the description in the processes of one method of the results arrived at by another.

Signor SALVINI holds that the character of IAGO is hard to get to the bottom of, and difficult to represent. English and American actors, he says, usually portray him as sarcastic, gloomy, brooding over his evil deeds (but this was not so, we may note, with either Mr. BOOTH or Mr. IRVING); Germans handle him with a lighter touch, suggesting an unconsciousness of the issue of his actions. Signor SALVINI thinks that he has found, if not a better view of IAGO's character, yet one new up to the present time. The question to be solved, in the first instance, he says, is, Was IAGO a villain by instinct, or did he become so in resentment of the wrongs which he imagined himself to have suffered? His conclusion is that IAGO was a villain born and not made. CASSIO's preferment, and IAGO's suspicions of OTHELLO's familiarity with EMILIA, were but make-believes to excuse his malignity—perhaps it might be more accurately said, manifestations of the instinct of hate and suspicion which belong to him. They were, as Signor SALVINI happily enough expresses it, “uno stimolante pretesto ch' egli accoglie per utilizzare la sua naturale perfidia.” This view of IAGO's character is not quite so new as Signor SALVINI supposes. COLERIDGE put it yet more powerfully in the words, “the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity.” As to the representation of the character on the stage, Signor SALVINI contends that, as IAGO was trusted alike by OTHELLO and DESDEMONA, CASSIO and RODERIGO, and even to a certain extent by EMILIA, his villainy should appear only in his soliloquies. In the dialogues, except with RODERIGO, he should display a *bonomia*, an *aria bonacciona*, which should lead even the spectators to doubt whether, after all, he may not be honest, and leave them surprised with the frank “I am not what I am.” We infer, therefore, that Signor SALVINI's soliloquizing IAGO is the English IAGO; his IAGO in society is the German IAGO. This seems to us to be abandoning the problem how to act the part. The simple descriptions of the *dramatis personæ* in the folio, “CASSIO, an honourable lieutenant; IAGO, a “villaine; RODERIGO, a gull'd gentleman,” no doubt err, as the actors of that date probably did, on the other side. But it is common experience that the man whom nobody has recognized as a villain is recollected on detection to have given many signs of villainy which ought to have been perceived at once. These, though not so prominent as to make ridiculous the failure of the characters to perceive them, ought to be sufficiently indicated to prepare for the frank self-disclosure of the soliloquies. For the rest, COLERIDGE's theory and SALVINI's—“the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity”—“the stimulating pre-text which he welcomes to turn to account a natural perfidy”—are the answer to some French critics who declare these paltry motives of revenge incompatible with the disinterested malignity which they conceive to be IAGO's characteristic. They distinguish him, however, from the disembodied malevolence of MEPHISTOPHELES by giving him an earthy squalor and meanness. Add to these things a positive desire to defile, and untune and destroy—a quality which recognizes virtue and beauty and harmony—“Oh, you are well tuned now,” &c. “He hath a daily beauty in his life,” “The Moor is of a constant, loving, noble nature”—and hates them; and you have an IAGO, an earthly, almost reptile, yet still human devil, opposed, as Signor SALVINI recognizes, to the airy malignity of MEPHISTOPHELES.

THE FRENCH TARIFF.

AS the object of the tariff which has been elaborated by M. MÉLINE's Committee, and has been debated in the Chamber all through this week, is to diminish the importation of foreign goods into France, the speeches made in the discussion have been of rather exceptional interest to us. The tariff is the outcome of a justifiable attempt to fulfil the very lavish promises of Protection made during the course of the last election, both to manufacturers and to the peasants in France. It has been examined here before, but the reader may be reminded that it proposes to endow France not with one but with two MCKINLEY tariffs which may be marked X and XX. X tariff, which is called the minimum, is put at such a figure that importation into France will be hampered to the utmost extent consistent with the barest existence. XX tariff, called the maximum, is to be held in reserve and applied to the commerce of all

those countries which do not give France the very best possible terms. It is in fact to be the equivalent of the President's veto conferred by one of the MCKINLEY measures in the United States. These tariffs are not to be departed from by Ministers, who will be strictly limited to the application of one or the other of them. When this scheme was first propounded, it was very eagerly applauded by the Protectionists, and the Customs Committee of the Chamber went to work to elaborate it amid general encouragement. But during the months in which they have been at work there has been a notable cooling of this enthusiasm. The Chamber in its first Session began the work of protecting agriculture by putting an extra duty on maize. As yet the maize-growers have not had time to benefit much, but the duty has already more than half ruined a considerable distillery industry by so increasing the cost of its raw material as to sweep away its profits. Such an experience as this has naturally had some effect. Then a very considerable agitation has begun to arise in the seaports, which have not taken long to learn that a diminution of imports means less business for them. This has also not failed to damp a good many deputies; and so, when the report of the Customs Committee actually reached the Chamber, it was received with unexpected coolness.

The debate, in which MM. DESCHANEL, LÉON SAY, MÉLINE, and RAYNAL have all spoken at length, would doubtless be interesting reading. We say would be, because the system of reporting debates in French papers makes it nearly impossible to judge from them. It is somewhat exasperating to be told, just after the verbatim quotation of a passage of wit or invective, that the honourable deputy now proceeded to give a luminous demonstration of the Minister's many fallacies. The value of an argument is not one of those things which can be safely taken on trust, as the value of the deputies' arguments generally must be unless you have the official report to refer to. Still, even in the mutilated form in which it is commonly accessible, the debate shows that both the more moderate Protectionists, represented by M. DESCHANEL, and the convinced Free-traders for whom LÉON SAY speaks, have made a vigorous fight, and have met with unexpected support. As is usually the case in a good French debate, there has been a disproportionate amount of epigram and personal reminiscence. But, in spite of all this graceful lumber—or, perhaps, by help of it—the position of the extreme Protectionists has been severely shaken. They were probably not much the worse for the Free-trade arguments of M. LÉON SAY. It is the nature of Free-trade arguments that, while they are so convincing to some as to make it more than doubtful whether those who cannot accept them are not much below the average of intelligence, they have never been known to produce the slightest effect on those whose pockets are interested in Protection. But the speech of M. DESCHANEL is a bad sign for the extreme Protectionists. M. DESCHANEL was elected as a Protectionist, and calls himself one. But a little experience has convinced him that the difficulty of so protecting A as to enable him to get higher prices from B, without at the same hurting B, is insuperable. M. MÉLINE, indeed, answers boldly that the proper remedy is to protect B, so as to enable him to get higher prices from A. But to M. DESCHANEL this appears to be unsatisfactory, both as leaving A and B relatively where they were before, and as still further burdening all French industry by a general rise in prices. Therefore, though he still calls himself a Protectionist, he is content with the measure of Protection given by the treaties of 1860. M. MÉLINE's speech was chiefly devoted to that fruitful theme, the nationality of Mr. CORDEN. He was an Englishman, and, therefore, whatever he approved must necessarily be injurious to France. This, in M. MÉLINE's opinion, disposes of Free-trade and the treaties of 1860. The argument was greatly applauded by the Protectionists in the Chamber. As they are a majority and very convinced, they will probably for the present bear down opposition in the Chamber. But outside the injury already done to some industries, and the fears of others, have considerably weakened them.

“THE WINDOW UP, PLEASE!”

AT a time when something like one-ninth of the total strength of the House of Commons is on the sick-list it is natural that the remainder should be anxious to trace and protect themselves against the causes of this worse—arithmetically speaking, at any rate—than decimation.

Some think it is all microbes; others lean to the simpler and more old-fashioned theory of draughts. Dr. CLARK, if we recollect rightly, is a microbe-man; with Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY's sympathies we are not acquainted; but we should expect to find that both he and Mr. CONYBEARE, and a few other friends, are agreed in ascribing the scourge under which the House is just now suffering to the presence and activity of a certain number of infinitesimal organisms. On the Front Opposition Bench, apparently, it is the draught theory which rather finds favour; for, though Mr. HENRY FOWLER kept silence from the ill-omened word "influenza" in the question which he addressed to the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS the other night, he spoke of "the risk of severe, and perhaps serious, "indisposition," which, no doubt, meant the same thing. What Mr. FOWLER wanted to know was whether Mr. PLUNKET, while "consulting the wishes of those members "who were endowed with a superfluity of physical health "and strength," would not "pay some regard to the comfort "of those weaker members who were susceptible to the "influence of chills and draughts." Mr. PLUNKET's reply must have been anticipated by everybody but the querist—and was, perhaps, even by him. It was to the effect that every possible care was taken to keep the temperature of the House uniform; but that "there was the widest possible divergence of opinion on the subject among members "of the House," and the FIRST COMMISSIONER was alternately reproached by members with the excessive coldness and the undue warmth of the library and reading-rooms.

It is, indeed, not a little singular—and may be thought, perhaps, to indicate a touching persistence of early illusions in a man of mature years—that Mr. FOWLER should believe in the possibility of concluding a *modus vivendi* with any considerable number of his fellow-men on the subject of temperature and ventilation. He cannot be a railway traveller, one would think, or he can never have travelled except in one of those Continental countries the natives of which appear to thrive, like flowers, on carbonic acid, and avoid oxygen, apparently, as they would an inebriating stimulant. On the railways of these countries you are, indeed, safe from "chills and draughts"—that is, if you can endure to the end; the only danger is lest your lungs, depraved by an oxygenated atmosphere, should at last force you into revolt, and you should let down the window while your foreign fellow-travellers are sleeping, and compel not only them, but, what is of much more importance, yourself, to "attrap a rheum." On the other hand, it would be rank Chauvinism to deny that, in England at any rate, the "cold school," as Mr. PLUNKET calls them, too often carry matters to excess. There is a sort of railway traveller who insists on unnecessarily letting in "the hard grey weather that makes hard Englishmen," with the effect only of making uncomfortable and irritated Englishmen, and sometimes with the further result of making business for the railway officials and the sitting magistrate at the nearest police court. The impartial philosopher however will, we think, admit that this kind runneth not so often to extravagance as the "hot school"; and that men who like pure air show less indifference to cold than is shown to the need of pure air by those whose chief anxiety is to keep themselves warm. Meanwhile, Mr. PLUNKET's experience in the House of Commons—that a dozen men complain of excessive heat for one who complains of excessive cold—is undoubtedly representative of life at large; so that Mr. FOWLER is distinctly on the unpopular side. Nobody, moreover, can be expected to believe in other people's "draughts" as a cause of catching cold; seeing that, after they have once made an end of coughing and sneezing themselves, they cease to believe in their own.

THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

THIS, as we have already indicated, is the most interesting and best arranged Exhibition we have had in many years; indeed, since the delightful "Fisheries." Not the least creditable part of it is that it was in perfect order when opened, and the only drawback to the imposing ceremonies on that occasion was the weather, which was quite impish in its vagaries—now sunny and bright, and now pouring "cats and dogs" with tropical violence, spoiling the numerous uniforms and the ladies' spring gowns. The Exhibition, as everybody knows, occupies the same ground as did the Military last year; but the space has been considerably increased by the erection of longer and finer galleries, and by the introduction of a number of kiosks, panoramas, and models of ships; so

that the actual Exhibition is nearly a third larger than its predecessor, and it is certainly much more complete.

To the general public the Historical Loan Exhibition will form the chief attraction, and it is by far the most extensive ever organized, surpassing even the series of deeply interesting historical exhibitions which proved so attractive at the New Gallery. The whole Exhibition, however, as it should be, is a kind of temple to the genius of Nelson. His glory fills the place. We view innumerable pictures, statues, busts, and relics of him in all the galleries, and in the grounds there is a panorama of the Battle of Trafalgar, a model of the ship *Victory*, and even a waxwork presentment of "the most gallant of little admirals" dying in the arms of his beloved Hardy.

The entrance hall from the Embankment is devoted to "the Arctic Subdivision," and here we have a well-arranged series of photographs, pictures, and prints, illustrating, in Kindergarten fashion, the history of Arctic discovery. The Franklin relics are by far the most attractive exhibited here, although, to be sure, some of them—such as "buttons, handles of knives, steel-pens, thimbles, pieces of mahogany and chips of boat furniture"—show pretty clearly that nothing comes amiss to the relic-hunter, be he ecclesiastic or layman. Still, many of these trifles have a pathetic interest, and they all serve to bring forcibly before the mind one of the most heroic episodes in our naval history. *A propos* of this Arctic Section, there is a capital panorama of the Arctic regions in the garden, with the *Investigator* nipped in the ice-pack on October 18, 1850.

The Historical Loan Exhibition has been arranged in an interminable series of galleries, each bearing the name of a naval hero, and contains over four thousand exhibits, which have been contributed in an unusually generous manner, Her Majesty having set the example very liberally. The pictures are in many cases interesting, not only as portraits of famous admirals, sailors, and navigators, but as works by the greatest painters, native and foreign, from Holbein to Sir Edwin Landseer. In the Blake Gallery we find the Duke of Norfolk's beautiful Holbein, "Thomas Edingham, Third Duke of Norfolk," and near it hangs Her Majesty's very curious picture of "Henry VIII. embarking at Dover, May 31, 1520, to meet Francis I." "Walter Raleigh," by Federico Zuccherro, is undoubtedly a contemporary portrait, but certainly not by Zuccherro. To this M. Tonson of the Elizabethan epoch are also, rightly or wrongly, attributed the fine portraits of Sir Francis Drake and of Sir John Hawkins. The admirable portrait of Blake lent by the Warden and Fellows of Wadham College, Oxford, is modestly docketed "unknown." The Duke of Sutherland sends his magnificent Vandyke, "Sir Richard Leveson," who fought against the Invincible Armada in 1588, and was made "Admiral of the Narrow Seas in 1602." There are some good Lelys and Knellers—most of them genuine—and in the Nelson Gallery are several splendid examples of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, Romney, and Hoppner. The Queen sends the fine Reynolds, "George Brydges Rodney," and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty an even finer specimen of the same great artist's genius, "Admiral Samuel Barrington." Lord Bristol lends the interesting picture by Gainsborough, "Augustus John Hervey, created Rear-Admiral in 1775," and "one of the husbands of the notorious Duchess of Kingston." But the picture which attracts most attention, and which is always surrounded by an admiring crowd, is Hoppner's capital likeness of Nelson, in the immediate vicinity of which is a case containing many relics of the "gallant little Englishman."

It is somewhat unfortunate that pictures of ships and naval encounters should bear so strong a family likeness to each other as to render it almost impossible for the casual visitor to distinguish them apart. Therefore, the many hundreds of such pictures which cover the walls of the Chelsea Exhibition will be found less interesting than the portraits. But in the hall devoted to engravings and drawings is a most amusing collection of naval caricatures of Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank, coarse, but powerful, and very curious as illustrating the state of public opinion in England at a momentous period. The display of plate is truly imposing, and consists of "presentations," dating from the sixteenth century to our time. The Duke of Edinburgh lends a superb collection of what might be called naval jewelry, consisting of exquisite models in silver and gold of ancient ships, probably intended to decorate a table. The majority are Nuremberg work, but not a few are French of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Although the pictures, the plate, the miniatures, and the locks of hair, and other relics of our heroes of the seas, occupy the greater amount of space, the practical part of the Exhibition has been admirably arranged, and there are literally thousands of ship models and exhibits of objects of all kinds, from patent boilers to waterproofs, connected, directly and indirectly, with naval and maritime affairs. Jack does not seem to take as kindly to fancy work as Tommy Atkins, for there are very few specimens of his handicraft, and we have not the endless exhibits of knitted comforters, pincushions—distinguished for the loyalty of their sentiments done in pin-heads—frames, and drawings more or less good, which can scarcely be said to have embellished the galleries of the Military Exhibition.

The gardens are the *clou de la pièce*. They are quite delightful. It is here we find the remarkable "life-sized" model of the *Victory*, built by Messrs. Campbell Smith in a manner which reflects the highest credit upon them. Mr. J. Tussaud has modelled,

artistically enough, "the dying hero surrounded by his heart-broken officers." Then we have the panorama of the Battle of Trafalgar, already mentioned, and the model of the Eddystone Lighthouse, which "is full-size," and the *Heroine*, a North Sea trawler of 40 tons, and a host of other side-shows, which, together with the bands and the illuminations, ought to attract the town, granted we have only fairly tolerable weather, for months to come.

COPYRIGHT LEGISLATION.

THE Lord Chancellor and the Board of Trade have put aside Lord Monkswell's Copyright Bill with the faint praise of allowing it to be read a second time on the understanding that nothing more shall be done with it this Session. We venture to think that the Government, out of that mere shrinking from every piece of avoidable responsibility which is the plague of modern Governments, has missed the opportunity of associating its term of power with a workmanlike, useful, and popular measure, which would have cleared up one of the most obscure and vexatious branches of the law, and conferred a great and a justly appreciated boon on the world of letters and art. Thirteen years ago a Royal Commission, appointed by the Conservative Ministry of that time, strongly recommended the consolidation and amendment of the Copyright Acts. One of the first undertakings of the Society of Authors, after it had obtained incorporation and put itself into working order, was to prepare a Bill to give effect to that recommendation. This was done under the advice of Mr. Underdown, a lawyer not only well versed in both British and Continental copyright law, but very well acquainted with the practical interests and views of the classes of persons affected. About that time, however, the energies of the Board of Trade and the Foreign Office in this department were occupied—most properly and profitably occupied—by the negotiations which led to the Convention of Berne and the Act giving the British Government the powers necessary for its adoption and execution by this nation. It was not therefore practicable to push forward the consolidation of our domestic copyright law just then. But during the last year or two the movement leading to the American Copyright Act, now at length passed by the admirable and unanimous exertions of the best part of American men of letters, has again brought into prominence the disgraceful obscurity and confusion in which our copyright law still remains, and the urgency of amending such a state of things for international as well as domestic reasons. The Bill of the Society of Authors, carefully revised with reference to the Convention of Berne, and after further consultation with various representative persons and bodies, has been taken up by Lord Monkswell, and was brought before the House of Lords last Monday. Nothing was alleged against it save that it dealt with sundry doubtful points—which was its express object—and that the drafting might be open to criticism—which is true of every Bill without exception, even of the Government Bills drafted in the Parliamentary Counsel's Office with all possible advantages of technical skill and official information.

The truth is that the official criticisms on the Bill, if so they could be called, were the merest commonplaces of official dilatory pleading. Lord Halsbury said "it would be rash for any Government to attempt to deal with the question without seeking to ascertain the views of many of those who were interested in it." Now this process of ascertaining the views of persons interested has been carried on by the Society of Authors from time to time for five or six years, and if Lord Halsbury were really in earnest in the matter he could with the greatest ease have had the use of all the information so collected. Then Lord Halsbury said that a great deal had happened since thirteen years ago. Neither more nor less than two things of general importance in the matter in hand have happened. The first is the Convention of Berne, of which Lord Monkswell's Bill duly takes account. The second is the American Copyright Act, which makes it a point no longer of legal elegance or formal completeness, but of practical expedience almost amounting to necessity, to remove the doubts which are still capable of being raised as to the acquisition of British copyright by a foreigner. As to the suggestion that the work of the Commission of 1878 is out of date, which is implied in the Lord Chancellor's language if he really meant anything, it is, to speak plainly, a suggestion which could not have proceeded from any lawyer of fair ability who had been at the pains to master the elements of the subject. Chancellors are not bound to know all the law; but they might contrive either to hold their peace in the House of Lords about those branches which they do not know, or at least to get primed with a decent show of superficial acquaintance.

However, it is clear that nothing can be done this year in the way of reducing our chaotic legislation to order. One thing which ought to be done, and speedily, is to place it beyond doubt that we are entitled to the benefit of the United States Copyright Act as a nation granting copyright to citizens of the United States on substantially equal terms. At present it is certain that an American citizen can secure British copyright by publication in the United Kingdom combined with residence, at the date of publication, in any part of the British dominions. It is the better opinion, but only the better opinion, that such

residence is really superfluous. The United States Act clearly does not require residence in the United States. Now the President of the United States, who has to decide what nations come within the conditions of reciprocity, may fairly say that as between nation and nation a better opinion is not enough to act upon. A short declaratory statute would put the matter right, and we cannot conceive that there would be any difficulty in passing it. If, however, Ministers are not willing to face even this moderate task of legislation, an opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown might possibly serve the turn. Such an opinion would of course not be binding on our Courts; but if it were expressed in clear and confident terms, as we think it well might be, the law officers of the United States would perhaps strain a point to accept it as practically sufficient. We are aware that there is another possible road to the same result through the reference in the United States Act to the Convention of Berne, a reference plain enough in substance though vague in wording. But, for reasons too minute to be set forth here, we do not think it would be safe to put our trust in this. A short Act to remove the doubt would be the best and surest way. Next best, and possibly sufficient, would be an opinion of the Law Officers; but this would still leave us to some extent dependent on the good will of the President of the United States and his advisers.

The London Chamber of Commerce, we understand, has issued a manifesto prophesying the ruin of the British printing trade, and clamouring for reprisals against the printers' clause of the United States Act. It is as certain as anything in human affairs can be that the London Chamber of Commerce will not persuade Ministers to propose or Parliament to pass any such measure. We shall therefore merely remark that in our judgment it would be a wholly mistaken and mischievous course.

MONEY MATTERS.

READERS of the *Saturday Review* cannot have been surprised by the crisis in Portugal this week, for we have been preparing them to expect it for a considerable time past. Indeed it has been postponed longer than at one time seemed possible by the efforts of the great financial houses here and upon the Continent, who had committed themselves too deeply and hoped by bolstering up Portuguese credit to induce the public to buy from themselves what they had rashly purchased. Portugal is one of the most backward countries in Europe. It is very small, and has but few resources. Its revenue does not quite amount to 8½ millions sterling; yet for the past six years it has had annual deficits averaging nearly 1½ million sterling. The Debt, which was already altogether beyond the resources of the country, has thus been growing at a dangerously rapid rate. In round figures the funded and unfunded Debt at the present time amounts to about 150 millions sterling, which at 3 per cent. interest would impose a charge of about 4½ millions sterling per annum. As already explained, the revenue does not quite amount to 8½ millions, consequently the annual interest on the debt exceeds half of the total revenue of the kingdom. What this means our readers will understand if they imagine for a moment that the annual interest of our own Debt amounted to about 45 millions sterling, and that the greater part of our Debt was held abroad, so that we were compelled to send to foreign investors in Consols the greater part of the 45 millions sterling a year. Rich as our own country is, our readers can judge for themselves how long it could stand a drain of such magnitude. As a matter of fact, Portugal has not been standing the drain; in other words, it has not been paying out of its revenue the interest upon its debt. Year after year it has borrowed in London, or Paris, or Berlin, and with the proceeds of these successive loans it has managed to pay the interest upon its foreign debt, and to enable the Government to meet its most formidable difficulties at home. In April of last year, however, it became evident to all careful observers that the beginning of the end had come. A Syndicate of Paris bankers then undertook to bring out a Portuguese loan; but, very wisely, French investors refused to subscribe. The Syndicate, however, had taken the loan "firm"—that is to say, they had bought the bonds from the Government at a price agreed upon, and had offered to sell them to the investing public at a higher price. Thus the Syndicate was obliged to pay the price agreed upon to the Government, and for the time being the Government was able to stave off its most pressing difficulties. But all the same, evidence had been afforded that the investing public in France had lost faith in the solvency of Portugal. Already it was evident that the English public would not lend, and it was almost certain that the German public was in the same mind as the French and the English. When Messrs. Baring Brothers were obliged to apply for assistance to the Bank of England, the Portuguese Government owed them about 800,000*l.*, and the Government was called upon to repay the money. There were other charges falling due both in London and Paris, and the Portuguese Government, to meet these liabilities, attempted to borrow in London, but failed. It then renewed its efforts in Paris, and again failed. And at last it had to sell to a Syndicate of Continental bankers the tobacco monopoly which had constituted one of the most valuable sources of its revenue. Although the monopoly was a real asset, the public,

both in France and in Germany, refused to subscribe. It is true that the Syndicate had bought the monopoly, and that the money, therefore, must be paid to the Portuguese Government; but the second testimony to the loss of credit by the Government seems to have been fatal to its credit at home. In the meantime the unwise domestic and foreign policy of the Government, a banking and building crisis and trade depression at home, all combined to precipitate a breakdown which the loss of credit abroad had made inevitable. Last week there was a run upon the banks, and one bank succumbed. Then the Government issued a decree enabling the banks to make payment in silver; but that proving insufficient, it issued a second decree authorizing the banks to suspend payment for two months. The decree naturally made a very bad impression, and the run upon the banks continued. This financial crisis, coming at a time when the credit of the Government has received so severe a blow abroad, will compel the Government either to suspend paying the interest upon its debt altogether, or to offer some kind of compromise to its creditors; and it seems only too probable that it will bring on grave political consequences likewise. Naturally the crisis in Portugal has had a very bad effect upon the Paris Bourse. There had been for years past a wild speculation in Portuguese bonds, and some of the leading Paris bankers have been the greatest upholders of Portuguese credit. These banks now find an inconvenient part of their capital locked up in unsaleable Portuguese securities, and the difficulties of speculators on the Bourse are greatly increased. The crisis in Portugal, too, inspires a fear that there may be trouble in Spain. If there is, the consequences in Paris cannot fail to be very serious.

The advance in the Bank-rate, on Thursday, from 4 to 5 per cent. was generally expected by the well informed; indeed, the Directors of the Bank of England would have been negligent of their duty if they had refrained from doing everything in their power to strengthen their reserve. Their stock of gold is altogether insufficient, and it is being drawn upon to a disquieting extent. It is generally estimated in the City that the Russian Government will take from London within the next couple of months about three millions sterling in gold. Happily, it now seems certain that the amount will be obtained from New York, so that the Russian demand will not actually reduce the stock held by the Bank; but then it prevents the Bank from increasing its stock by importing from New York; and besides it is quite uncertain whether the Russian Government may not take considerably more than the City expects. Then, again, it is probable that we shall have a strong American demand in the autumn. If the weather throughout Western Europe during the next few months is exceptionally good, the harvest may turn out better than any one now ventures to hope; but, unless the weather is better than we have reason to expect, the European harvest will be late and deficient, and Europe consequently will have to buy immense quantities of grain from the United States, and may have to pay for a portion of the imports by sending gold. If there should be a large demand for the metal in the autumn both for the United States and for Russia, the consequences might be serious. Over and above this, the state of the Paris market is such that nobody can foresee what may happen. And, lastly, distrust continues at home, as is proved by the revival of alarmist rumours. So far as we can ascertain, there is no ground for the rumours that have been circulating for fully a week now. Very probably the houses talked of have locked up an inconvenient amount of their capital, but there is no reason to believe that they are in difficulties; on the contrary, the best informed are convinced that they have a large surplus over their liabilities. Still the fact that alarmist rumours have once more been in circulation proves that the City is in so sensitive a state that any disturbance of the money market might cause trouble.

The silver market has shared in the general depression, and the price fell on Wednesday to 44½d. per oz. There is very little demand either for India or for the Continent, and the large exports of gold from New York have discouraged speculators there.

The Paris Bourse has so far borne the Portuguese crisis better than most careful observers were prepared to find. For a long time past many of the banks have been greatly discredited; there is a very large lock up of capital in Paris, and there has been a wild speculation in many securities. When, therefore, the crisis began in Portugal there were serious fears of a break upon the Paris Bourse. Several of the Paris banks have been financing Portugal to an unwise extent for years past; and as the investing public in France has refused to subscribe to the last two loans, it is known that these banks must have a formidable amount of Portuguese securities. Their difficulties were increased by the fear of a crisis in Spain. And, lastly, the hitch that has arisen between the Russian Government and its financial agents abroad has increased the general embarrassment. Nevertheless, there has not been so serious a fall in Paris as was anticipated. Portuguese bonds fell heavily. Just before the crisis they were quoted at 53½, and at the worst this week they went down to 37½. There was also a heavy fall in Spanish bonds, in Rio Tinto shares, and in some other securities; but, generally speaking, the decline was less than might reasonably have been looked for. On Wednesday the great bankers in Paris formed a combination to support the market, and it is hoped now that a crisis will be avoided if there be no political or other accident. But it seems clear all the same that there must be a steady decline in prices,

for the bad business that has accumulated for years must somehow or other be liquidated. All departments of the London Stock Exchange participated in the depression. Consols, Colonial stocks, Home Railway stocks, industrial securities, and American Railroad securities, all gave way. The fall in American securities was exceptionally great. During the past fortnight in some cases almost the entire rise established in the month of April has been lost. Apparently operators in New York were alarmed by the magnitude of the gold shipments and by the rumours of impending difficulties in Europe.

The Board of Trade Returns for April are very satisfactory. Of course it is to be recollected that Easter last year fell in April, and this year in March; and, therefore, there were two more working days this year than in the corresponding month last year. But, even allowing for that, the Returns are very favourable. Taking the first four months of the year together, there is a slight increase in the value of the imports, and a slight decrease in the value of the exports; practically, the whole volume of trade has been equal to that of the first four months of last year—a period of exceptional prosperity. This is highly satisfactory so soon after the Baring crisis.

The favourable change in the weather has caused some decline in the price of wheat, and led to very much quieter markets; but the general impression remains that the harvests of Western Europe will be deficient, and that the price of wheat, therefore, will continue higher all through the year than it has been for several years past.

Although there has been a general recovery since midday on Wednesday, all departments of the Stock Exchange show a great fall compared with last week. Portuguese Three per Cent. bonds closed on Thursday afternoon at 42½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 6. Spanish Fours closed at 69½, a fall of 4. Greek bonds of 1884 closed at 83½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 4½; Greek Monopoly bonds closed at 66, a fall of 2½; and Greek Four per Cent. Rentes closed at 62½, a fall of 2. Italian closed at 91, a fall of 1; and French Threes at 92, a fall of ½. There has been a continued depreciation in Argentine securities. The 1886 Loan closed on Thursday afternoon at 65½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½, and the Four and a Half per Cents closed at 38, a fall of 3. The Buenos Ayres Provincial Six per Cent. bonds of 1882 closed at 37-39, a fall of 3. And there has also been a further depreciation in Argentine Railway stocks. Thus Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday afternoon at 99-102, a fall of 2; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 142-145, a fall of 5. In the American Railway market the fall has not been as great as in the cases noted, with the exception of Union Pacific shares, which have given way exceptionally. They closed on Thursday afternoon at 47½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 4. Mr. Jay Gould, it will be recollected, recently got control of the line, and it is said that during the past week or two he has been selling the shares very heavily. Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 32½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. Milwaukee closed at 64½, a fall of 1½; and Eries closed at 20½, a fall of 1½. All these shares are purely speculative, and therefore are not suited for investors. Turning to Illinois shares we find a fall of as much as 2, the price closing on Thursday afternoon at 101; Lake Shore shares closed at 112½, a fall of 1½; and New York Central shares closed at 114, a fall of 1½. Home Railway stocks have likewise shared in the general depression. The greatest fall has been in Brighton A, which closed on Thursday afternoon at 142½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 8. South-Eastern A closed at 91½, a fall of 2½; Great Northern Deferred closed at 75, a fall of 2; and Great Northern Preferred closed at 110½, a fall of 1. Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 95½, a fall of ½ compared with the preceding Thursday, and the fall in Rupee-paper was ½, the Four per Cents closing on Thursday afternoon at 74 and the Four and a Half per Cents at 76.

THE FIGHTING ON THE PUNJAB FRONTIER.

OWING to the official designations bestowed on the two Punjab expeditions which have just been waged, the general newspaper reader can only hazard a wild guess as to what their objects may be. The Hazara expedition has not marched against the Hazaras, nor has the Miranzai field force, telegrams notwithstanding, been sent to chastise the Miranzais. The first has to deal with the tribes *beyond* the Hazara border, who happen to be Eusufzais; and the second is coercing the hillmen of another race, the Orakzais, who dwell for the most part beyond the Miranzai border. Miranzai is a valley under British dominion, and the tribe from which it gets its name are our obedient subjects, being a section of the Bangash Pathans. A legend of the border points out a spot where the Orakzais and Bangash once upon a time fought three days and three nights together, for the possession of what is now the Miranzai valley. The combat was ended by the apparition of a young man in white raiment, who cried out "Dai, dai, Sam da Bangasho, Ghar da Orakzo," which is to

say, "Be the plain for Bangash, and the hills for Orakzai." Thereupon the Orakzai, thought by some to be a tribe of Scythic origin—a facile theory—betook themselves to the hills; while the Bangash cultivated the plain. The story of Baber the Mogul's visit to this corner of Asia rests on somewhat surer authority. The hillmen, his autobiography tells us, swarmed on the neighbouring heights, shouting their war-cry. Baber succeeded in surrounding one of the hills; and, after a fight in which 150 of the enemy were slain or captured, the position was carried. The prisoners came before the victor with grass in their mouths, by way of saying "We are your oxen." Baber considered this a very curious and noteworthy example of symbolism; but the interest he felt did not induce him to spare the luckless captives. They were incontinently put to the sword, and a minaret was constructed of their heads. After a second fight, in the neighbourhood of Hangu—a place frequently mentioned in the telegrams—another minaret of heads was built.

All this, however, is mere ancient history, and something should be said about more recent events. Various sections of Orakzai hillmen beyond the Miranzai border have given more or less trouble every year since the last Afghan War. The record of their offences is almost incredible. British villages have been attacked, and British subjects murdered, or kidnapped, with a recklessness that made continued forbearance on the part of the Indian Government not only discreditable but dangerous. For a long while, according to the usual practice, fines were imposed for each outrage, and exacted whenever opportunity offered; but at length the sum total of our outstanding claims grew to such proportions that reparation was out of the question. The hillmen began to feel that they had incurred heavier liabilities than they could ever hope to liquidate, so that every fresh outrage would be pure profit. The Government was reluctantly driven to the conclusion that force would have to be employed for their punishment. Accordingly, in January last, General Sir William Lockhart crossed the border and proceeded to give the offending tribesmen the long-deferred lesson. There was very little actual fighting. The General's rapid and well-planned movements gave the enemy no chance; but it was hard work for the troops. The snow lay thick on the heights, the cold was intense, and heavy storms of snow, sleet, and rain made the expedition anything but a picnic. From January 20 to February 20, however, the General was constantly on the move. Every large village in the Khanki Valley was visited and held to ransom; towers were blown up, fines were collected, arms seized and hostages taken; and Makhmaddin Malik, prime mover in some of the worst raids on British territory, surrendered at discretion. Here the story of the so-called Miranzai expedition ought by rights to come to an end; but by some mischance, which has still to be explained, an opening was left for further trouble. With a view to keeping a firmer hold on the tribes in future, the Punjab Government resolved to establish a line of military posts along the Samana Range, overlooking the Khanki Valley. This, no doubt, was a perfectly proper measure; but the opposition certain to be aroused by it seems to have been underrated. *Ghar da Orakzo*, the hills for the Orakzai, has now become a boast; and nothing would annoy the tribes more than seeing our outposts established on the heights which they had learnt to regard as their own. The force left to protect men working on the new posts and making roads along the crest of the range appears to have been inadequate. Early last month our pickets and working parties were suddenly attacked and compelled to retire, with the loss of several men killed; and at one time the situation looked extremely threatening. A few weeks delay in retrieving the reverse would have given the offenders time to organize a very strong opposition. Fortunately, there has not been a moment's delay. General Lockhart, who had left to command the reserve brigade in the Hazara field force, at once returned, recovered the Samana range, and, by a few telling strokes, again convinced the tribesmen that resistance would be futile. A second time the Khanki Valley has been scoured by our troops; and since on this occasion the enemy have sustained heavy losses, it may be hoped that they will not forget the lesson in a hurry. To punish aggression speedily is the first principle of border management; and in the interests both of the independent tribes beyond the frontier and of our own subjects, it is gratifying to find this principle so well and thoroughly carried out.

Unfortunately, the operations in the Black Mountain appear to be on quite another plan. The Indian Government may have had some good reason for not allowing General McQueen to settle with the tribes in this quarter once and for all in 1888. Possibly there was an equally good reason for ordering that officer to retire after his advance was opposed by the Hassanzai last autumn. But if the assembly now of some 6,800 men under General Elles is to end in nothing, if Hassanzai and Akazai, Chigarzai and Allaiwals, are to be left with the same comfortable assurance that they may commit outrages on British subjects and territory unpunished, it would have been better to keep the troops in cantonments. The tribesmen should have been dispersed wherever they gathered together; every village suspected of hostility should have been visited; notorious offenders like the chief of the Hassanzais should have been hunted till they surrendered or were given up; and, finally, such terms should have been insisted on as would suffice to avert further complications for a long while to come. As it is, the presence of a large force which does little else than make roads, dig entrenchments, and

construct *sungars*, only irritates the tribesmen without frightening them. Sitting in an entrenched camp while the enemy's standards can be plainly seen on the hills four or five miles off is assuredly not the way to conduct a punitive expedition.

THE WEATHER.

WE have suddenly found ourselves transplanted into almost summer weather at the very time when, according to the general belief, we ought to be experiencing the cold days of May. It has long been maintained on very high authority that on either of the three days—May 11, 12, or 13—sacred respectively in the German Calendar to St. Mamertius, St. Pancras, and St. Servatius, the three strong men, frost would occur in Northern Europe. This year at least the prophecy has not come true, though on May 10 the weather was chilly enough! On Thursday, May 6, the barometer was lowest off the west coast of Scotland, where a little rain had fallen. By the next morning two separate areas of low pressure appeared, lying respectively to the north and the south of Ireland, and during the preceding day rain had been general in the west, several of the Irish stations reporting over half an inch. On Saturday the northern system had entirely vanished; while the southern had moved down to the neighbourhood of Biarritz, taking the rain with it. The only British stations that collected any considerable quantity of rain on Friday were Aberdeen, Pembroke, and Jersey. During Saturday night the disturbance moved eastwards over France, and drew down over the whole South of England a cold, damp northerly wind, making last Sunday a most disagreeable day, though very little rain fell. A change was, however, at hand. A letter from Vienna states that on Saturday they were transferred from winter to summer; and at Berlin on Sunday, which was most ungenial here, and also in Paris, the maximum thermometer reached 81°. In London the highest record for the day was 54°; in Paris 55°. On Monday the warmer weather extended to us; but at the same time the rain-clouds vanished, so that we have made during the week but little progress towards replenishing our springs. The temperatures have, however, been much more seasonable than of late. For the last three days in London the recorded maxima have been 75°, 78°, and 78°. And other stations have also reported temperatures approaching summer heat. We do not venture, however, to anticipate that this outburst of warmth will last. On Wednesday morning a new depression showed itself over the North of Scotland, lowering the temperature there; this, however, passed away to the north-eastward during the night.

MR. EASY'S BIBLE.

WE have all read and laughed at the famous scene of Mr. Easy's triumph over Mr. Smallsole. The Master swore at Mr. Easy, who thereupon pulled out those Rules and Regulations which Captain Wilson had assured him were equally binding on all His Majesty's officers, and read out from them the penalties promised to "all persons in or belonging to His Majesty's ships or vessels of war being guilty of profane oaths, execrations," and other kindred offences of uncleanness. If Marryat had cared to work a good idea more severely, he might have shown in how many other respects besides the toleration it afforded to profane oaths and execrations the practise of the Navy departed from the theory as set forth in the "Regulations and Instructions relating to His Majesty's Service at Sea." Thus, for example, in the "Regulations" of 1735, which continued to be issued at and after the date of Marryat's story, which may be taken to be the latter portion of the great war, it is most explicitly declared that "No commander shall inflict any Punishment upon a Seaman beyond twelve Lashes upon his bare Back with a Cat of Nine Tails according to the ancient practise of the Sea." When a more serious punishment appeared to be called for, it could only be inflicted by consent of the Admiral, and it is most strictly laid down that no subordinate has power to order a flogging. Yet this latter regulation was certainly disregarded, at least in the period before the Mutiny at Spithead, and as for the general limitation, we all know how much regard was paid to it. Collingwood, who did observe the letter of the Regulations, was seriously criticized by Captain Brenton for a lenity subversive of all sound discipline. In more respects than one, then, the theory according to the Regulations was one thing, and the practice of the Navy another. There might perhaps be few better ways of making a picture of the old sea service than by drawing a comparison between the two, if only a sufficient supply of illustrations could be procured.

For the rest, the growth of these same Regulations and Instructions is in itself a history in little of the growth of the Navy, from its beginnings as an occasional and loosely organized force, into the complete development it reached towards the close of the last century. They began with a thin pamphlet of twelve pages, issued by "James Duke of York" during his administration as Lord High Admiral to his brother; they were somewhat but not very greatly extended in 1695, during the reign of "William and Mary." They reached perfection in 1735, in a very handsomely printed volume of 189 pages, adorned with really

good copperplate engraving at the heads and tails of the chapters. These pictures of ships and ports continued to appear in the Instructions—mere ghosts of themselves taken off worn-out plates—till the beginning of this century. Of the three, the most amusing for its quaintness and familiar unofficial style is the Duke of York's pamphlet. It is also historically the most important, for it is the foundation of the others. The second and third recensions of Mr. Easy's Bible differ from the first chiefly in this, that they contain a great deal more. But a certain amount has dropped out, and there are variations in style which have some interest, and are not always, nor even often, to the advantage of the later forms. This, then, the most ancient codex, is of twelve smallish octavo pages long, and is divided into two divisions—the "General Instructions," and a small appendix of ten "Orders established for the well government of His Majesty's Ships and preservation of good order among the Respective Commanders, Officers, and Sea-men serving His Majesty in the same." The first part deals with the organization, and the second with the discipline of the navy. Like most other ancient codes it is itself founded on something yet more ancient—on unwritten traditional customs. "According to the custom of the Sea," and "According to the ancient usage of the Navy," are formulas which appear at the end of several sections. Like other old codes, too, it begins with religion. "In the first place you are to take care that Almighty God be duly served on Board your ship twice every day by the whole ship's Company, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, and that Blasphemy, Drunkenness, Swearing, and profaneness" be suppressed, are the words which stand at the head of the Duke's Instructions. In the recension of 1735 they are more properly put at the head of the "Rules of Discipline," and are modified in a way characteristic enough of the eighteenth century. The captains are told that they must set "a good Example of Honour and Virtue to their officers and men." A special article provides for Church service twice a day and a sermon on Sunday, except in bad weather. Going back to the Duke's "Orders established" (the disciplinary appendix of the "Instructions"), we find that the first offence provided against is that for which Mr. Smallsole was rebuked by Mr. Easy. Article I. provides that "Whatsoever person serving His Majesty in any of his ships shall be heard to swear, curse, or blaspheme the name of God, shall, upon proof thereof made, forfeit for every such offence the full value of one day's Pay, according to the capacity in which they respectively serve." In the Orders of 1735 this forms Article III., and is modified. The commissioned officer is to pay a shilling per oath, and the warrant officer sixpence; but the common sailor is to wear "a wooden collar, or some other shameful badge." The tendency of the eighteenth century was always to make the discipline easier for the officer and harder for the man. In the Duke of York's "Orders" the apportionment of punishment is rather the other way. While, for instance, the common sailor who gets drunk is fined a day's pay, the officer is to be dismissed. Fine is indeed the common punishment for men, even for breaking their leave, sleeping on watch, or being below decks when they should be at quarters. Article III. of the Duke's Orders would, if applied at Whitehall, have very seriously inconvenienced many distinguished political persons. It provides that every sailor (A.B. or under) who is detected in telling a lie shall be "hoisted upon the mainstay with the Fore braces having a broom and a shovel tied to his back, where he shall continue half-an-hour, every man crying out a Lyar a Lyar; and for the week following it shall be his duty to make clean the ship's head and sides without Board, according to the ancient practise of the Navy." The mendacious officer is to be fined half a day's pay. In the code of 1735 this article has disappeared.

The Duke of York's "General Instructions" contain some passages which have an independent value as historical evidence. Thus, for instance, Article VI. records that "It is become a frequent (though insufferable) abuse" that officers commonly embezzle stores before they come on board. Therefore, the captain is to appoint a trustworthy person to check all stores brought whether by the "Purser, Boatswain, Gunner, or Carpenter," and so stop practices by which "a voyage may be lost and the lives of the ship's company hazarded." Here is a confession of the increase of corruption which was undoubtedly rampant under the Restoration. Yet the rules for the captain's own conduct are severe enough. He is to fit up a cabin on board as soon as he is appointed, to see his ship rigged, to examine all stores and accounts, and not expect to receive his "wages" till his accounts had been passed by the Clerk of the Cheque. Article XI. again strictly forbids the practice of carrying merchandise, by which the service was dishonoured and the "King is defrauded of the Rights and Duties payable unto the entry of such goods and merchandise to His Majesty's great damage." Gold, silver, and jewels were and continued to be an exception to the rule. Again, the Eleventh Article enumerates "redeemed captives" among the supernumeraries whom a captain may carry—a reminder that the Algerine pirates were busy in those times. Redeemed captives disappear from the list of permissible supernumeraries given in the Instructions of 1735. We had partly frightened and partly bribed the Algerines into letting our ships alone for the most part. Article XXXVIII. shows to what an extent rank was still equivalent to official position in Charles II.'s time. It provides that "When a ship of the second Rate shall carry any Ambassador, Duke, or Noble Man, at his coming on board he is to give eleven Pieces, and at his Landing

Fifteen; and when he (the second Rate to wit) shall carry a Knight, Lady, or a Gentleman of Quality, at their coming aboard he is to give Seven Pieces and at their landing eleven; and the other ships are to give less by two, according to their Rates, and number of ordnance." No such regulation exists in the book of 1735, and the only notice it takes of the "fair sex" is the rudely worded regulation that no captain is to take "any woman" to sea with him. It seems very appropriate that the next article provides against "unnecessary waste and expense of gunners stores." In fact, however, what this article guards against is waste of gunners' stores in action by bad shooting. It provides that, in order to make good "firemen" of the crews, they are to be allowed for the first month six shots twice a week; for the second, once every week, and then once in two months. The context leads one to believe that this was intended to restrict and not to increase the amount of target practice commonly enforced by captains. Otherwise, it would hardly have been directed against waste of stores. A rule which still holds good prohibits the "taking of tobacco," except in the fore-castle—where there is one—on the upper deck, over a tub of water. An old claim of ours, which was first tacitly dropped and then formally renounced, appears full of life in Article XXX. This informs captains that His Majesty's seas extend to Cape "Fenestre" (Finisterre, of France, namely), and that he is to exact it from all comers. The much-disputed Right of Search for His Majesty's subjects in foreign ships was, as all the world and the Americans know, enforced till the close of the great war. In the Thirty-sixth Article of his Instructions the Duke of York orders all captains to search for His Majesty's subjects in foreign ships. They are to be taken out, but not without being paid their wages in full, "which, as it may be a means to make His Majesty's subjects discover themselves when they are on Board Strangers ships, so will it also make Foreigners less apt to entertain them." It is a shrewd calculation, but the Duke did not tell his captains how they were to enforce the payment in full, which must have been the more difficult because they were to be responsible for the "civil deportment" of the officer they sent on the duty. Perhaps a large margin was allowed to civil deportment at sea. The orders to exercise the right of search remained on the Book of Regulations down to this century in colourless official language—even after the claim to the Salute, which was in fact an assertion of sovereignty over the British seas, had been quietly dropped, late in the reign of George III.

SPORTS AND CONTESTS.

THE change from winter to summer sports, by way of the usual Easter competitions—including rackets, tennis, fives, and billiards—may now be considered as good as effected; but so long as our English climate remains what it is, it would be rash to dogmatize on the appropriateness of the month of May for any game beloved of Englishmen, indoor or out. Football and cricket, lawn-tennis and athletics, golf and rackets, have latterly been going on side by side, and nobody seems to have been any the worse or the wiser, so far as the general fitness of things was concerned. On such a day as Saturday last, for instance, there was a genial and sympathetic aspect about the few belated football matches which prolonged the season beyond its wonted limits, whereas the summer heat of Monday made even cricket a toilsome pleasure.

What, by the way, are to be the calendar limits of the royal game of golf, now that it has been fairly acclimatized south of the Tweed and south of the Thames? The sport at Tooting Bec and elsewhere has been thoroughly enjoyable so far; but it is becoming very hot work, and we must not expect that the lookers-on, especially the ladies, will be able to follow the game out and home again under a scorching sun. The interest taken in golf by women has been a distinguishing feature of the season's play, and in some parts of the country they have carried their zeal from the rear to the front of the golfing procession. Already—as at Ilfracombe, for instance—women's links have been established, or women have played in matches against the other sex. The Parliamentary handicap has been maintained with great spirit to the close, and admirable form has been exhibited by members of both Houses and of the Parliamentary staff. The process of weeding out during the first weeks of play left the last two rounds to be decided between Mr. Felix Skene, of the House of Lords, the Marquess of Granby, Mr. Seton-Karr, M.P., Mr. A. J. Robertson, of the *Times* staff, Mr. H. B. St.-John, and Mr. Anstruther, both of the House of Lords. The first of each couple, taken in order, having won his heat, Mr. Seton-Karr withdrew, under stress of influenza, and the final struggle lay between Mr. Skene and Mr. St.-John, the former having an advantage on the handicap of eight points. The game was played off before a select crowd of highly interested spectators on Wednesday, and perhaps this tie was the most exciting and best contested of the tournament. The handicapper was fully justified, for Mr. Skene kept his chance to the close; but eventually Mr. St.-John took first honours by a couple of points. Meanwhile the amateur championship at St. Andrews was brought to a close on Saturday, when Hilton beat Ballingall, and Laidlay beat Gilroy. A magnificent game followed between the Liverpool and Edinburgh representatives, which had to be set more than once, a very plucky struggle leaving the Scot victorious.

Mr. Laidlay is thus amateur golf champion for the second time within three years.

The competitions for the rackets championship have ended very much as was expected. Nobody who is familiar with the general form of Latham, or who has had a recent opportunity of watching his brilliant and sustained play at Prince's, ever supposed that he would meet his match this year. In the natural course of things his hand may lose its cunning, and some younger exponent may be able to show him a trick that he cannot imitate; but so long as he retains his present form, in which keen appreciation and accurate delivery are such conspicuous features at every point of the game, it is in the highest degree improbable that Latham will be beaten for the championship. His home-and-home encounter with Standing, whom he played successively at Prince's and at the Queen's Club, gave him two somewhat hollow victories; though we believe that Standing would be able to render a good account of any other professional player. For the amateur championship Mr. H. Philipson, Major Spens, and Mr. Ashworth of Harrow, last year's champion, were left to try conclusions. The old Oxford bat, who in his time has made the welkin ring at Lord's, and who certainly repeated that achievement at the Queen's Club in his matches against his two formidable competitors, remains champion for the present year. He gained a difficult victory over Mr. Ashworth by an aggregate score of seventy aces against sixty-six.

Excellent tennis has been seen at Hampton Court and at Prince's Club, both in the handicap and independent matches. Sir Edward Grey, who is indefatigable at his favourite sport, perhaps never gave a better sample of his skill than in the hard and closely contested struggle which he maintained with J. Fennell on the last Saturday in April. Though he just failed to pull off the match, he won two sets in capital style, and in the fifth set it appeared for a long time to be anybody's game. In the Prince's Club handicap, Mr. R. T. Reid, M.P., who won his first laurels nearly a generation ago, showed admirable form at a game which makes large demands even on the most active and skilful of the younger contingent of players.

Now that cricketers have got to work, it is possible to form an estimate of the strength of some of our most noted teams, as compared with their records for last year. Of the minor counties, Leicestershire has taken a dressing from Surrey, and Derbyshire from Notts—three innings in the latter match producing the respectable total (for the first week in May) of 759 runs. The past fortnight has yielded a good crop of three-figure scores, the best of them standing to the credit of Marlow, who enabled Sussex to beat a strong M.C.C. eleven. The counties in the first division have not yet begun to play each other; but in addition to the matches mentioned above, Lancashire inflicted a single innings defeat on Oxford last Monday and Tuesday. The Universities have so far been more constantly engaged than any other team or club. The home play has drawn attention to Wells of Cambridge and Leveson-Gower of Oxford—who hail from Dulwich and Winchester respectively—as the most promising, or, at any rate, the most successful, freshmen, and there is every prospect of a good thing at Lord's when Messrs. Palaret and McGregor bring up their elevens to London. There will not be many finer games this year than that which was played by Cambridge against Mr. Thornton's Eleven. For the University Douglas made an almost faultless 131, defending his wickets against Ferris, Briggs, and Mold—he and his old schoolfellow, Wells, putting up 211 runs out of the Cambridge total of 397. The forced retirement of Mr. Streetfield in the second innings may have lost Cambridge this match, for the visitors had put their last man in before they equalized the scores. On Monday Mr. Webb brought another eleven against Cambridge, of whom Mr. Philipson (the rackets champion) ran up 109 in his second innings. For Cambridge, Douglas and Wells contributed just 100 between them, and the captain made 82; but the home team just failed on Wednesday afternoon to pull the match out of the fire. Enough, at any rate, was done in these two games to show that the Light Blues have excellent stuff amongst them, though it remains to be seen whether they can supply another Steel or another Studd.

The North v. South match this week was a battle of giants, decided by the bowlers rather than by the bat. Gloucestershire furnished five men to the Southern team, amongst them being a new wicket-keeper, Board, who ought to render good service to his county in the coming season. He and Ferris between them did much to break the back of the North in their second innings, and to win a match which up to that point seemed to be all against the Gloucester-Surrey combination.

When the first-class counties begin their home-and-home engagements there will be a new interest for cricketers, owing to the entrance of Somerset into the lists. A county which can play such amateurs as Hewitt (who headed the batting averages last year), Woods, and the two Palarets, not to mention others, is amply justified in trying its fortunes against the best of the older teams. It is unfortunate that Notts has not been able to arrange fixtures with Somerset for this year; but the other leading counties have done so, and the generality of cricketers will insist on giving the newcomer an average and reckoning up her gains and losses at the end of the season, precisely as though the Cricket Council had given forth a certain sound on the subject of county classification and promotion. Somerset will play six counties, Notts and Sussex seven counties, and the rest eight.

It is to be hoped, in the interest of everybody, that there will be a nearer approach to uniformity in 1892; but, meanwhile, there is no doubt that popular feeling has already ruled Somerset into the first rank.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE revival of *The Corsican Brothers* at the Lyceum has afforded the learned critic of a contemporary the means of gravely assuring us that "twins do in many cases think and feel alike, that the same ideas occur to them simultaneously, that they are moved by the same impulses and stricken by the same diseases when hundreds of miles apart, is certain; but this result is due to nothing more occult or uncanny than a similarity of their mental and physical organization." These facts—if they are facts—granted, he proceeds to tell us that, in his opinion, the story invented or "found current" by the elder Dumas can only be based upon a misapprehension of the facts of physiology. He adds that "the fact of one of the twins being injured or killed in a duel could not by any possibility be communicated to the other"; and yet twins separated by hundreds of miles of sea, according to him, "can be stricken by the same disease"—which, if true, is not a bit more wonderful, we think, than their appearing to each other either before or after death. It is all a matter of faith. But it is delightful to know that in this year of grace 1891, when hypnotism and Buddhism, and Spiritualism and palmistry, and every kind and sort of superstition are absolutely rampant, theatrical audiences are so free from superstition "as to care very little about the ghostly appearances in such an old play as *The Corsican Brothers*." We think otherwise—if anything the modern audience is the more credulous, for the good people of 1852 were nothing like as speculative in such matters as the present generation. Anyhow, there is still true delight in the play founded on *Les Frères Corsees*, a story which does not occur in the *Impressions de Voyage*. On the other hand, a copy of that work of the great Dumas is described as found lying on Dei Franchi's table.

The revival of *The Streets of London* at the Adelphi has proved, as we predicted it would, successful. It is just the kind of play to please Messrs. Gatti's clients. The fire scene is very exciting, even in this hot weather. The pity of it is, the smoke lingers a little too long, making the actors look for a time like so many ghosts. Mr. Leonard Boyne is the Badger, and a very good Badger is he. The Puffy family are represented by Mr. Rignold as the father of the flock, and by Mrs. Leigh as his wife. Miss Clara Jecks is, as usual, most amusing as Nan. For many weeks to come, crowds will flock to the Adelphi to witness this popular play, and possibly the new piece by Messrs. Pettitt and Sims will not see the footlights until the autumn.

The appearance of Miss Laura Johnson as Lady Macbeth at the Criterion, with a background of books and a portrait of Dr. Johnson, was, to say the least of it, premature. Mr. Hermann Vezin's much-talked-of pupil is a very young lady, and her child-like voice sounded somewhat weak as she delivered, with feline intensity, the great speeches of the part. Miss Laura Johnson interested us, for she has remarkable talent, and evidently possesses an unusually dramatic temperament. She feels what she is saying and understands her text; but she lacks the strength of voice and physique to carry out her intention. We should have preferred seeing her in some character more suited to her years; but, at the same time, we frankly acknowledge we were surprised, if not completely pleased, by her performance.

The Lady from the Sea has been heard and seen, and yet has not conquered. The Ibsenites flocked to Terry's Theatre to behold this latest specimen of "the Master's genius" done into English; but somehow or other a sort of blight fell upon performers and audience alike, and *The Lady from the Sea* was pronounced a failure.

THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

THE German Exhibition—which is destined, it appears, to be the last of the long series of national exhibitions which Mr. J. R. Whitley has organized so successfully during the past few years at West Brompton—resembles its predecessors very closely, and, like Juliet's rose, is much the same flower with another name. It promises, however, to be a very interesting show when the innumerable packing-cases which at first encumbered the main nave of the building are emptied and arranged. The gardens, however, "are the thing" at West Brompton, and they are exquisitely charming this year, notwithstanding the general backwardness of the vegetation. They were, moreover, in perfect order on Saturday, and presented a delightful appearance, being full of new kiosks and picturesque buildings in German style, although, to be sure, not a few of them have done duty before under other national guises. The Terrace of Potsdam, for instance, has taken the place of the Champs Elysées, and the Marionette Theatre no longer hails from Vicenza, but has been repainted to reproduce the Electoral Palace at Schleissheim, near Munich. In short, all the old familiar places are there, only with Teutonic names. But many novelties have been added. A Schleswig-Holstein farmhouse of vast proportions, for instance,

is intended to illustrate rural life among the Teutons, and the gigantic proportions of the Tun of Heidelberg afford ample space for a German tavern of an old-fashioned type, where the best of beer and Rhine wine is served by more or less accurately costumed peasant girls. In short, the gardens, with their pear and apple trees now laden with blossom, their fairy-like illuminations and bands of music, are unquestionably very attractive.

It is quite impossible at present to judge of the Exhibition proper, but we rather suspect that, like its predecessors, it will possess various exhibits of great interest, somewhat overpowered by others of a bazaar-like nature. The Fine Art Gallery is not as large as was that either of the French or of the Italian Exhibition; and the standard of the pictures, from a hasty inspection, does not seem to us to be as high; still, evidently, there are many works of great merit. The sculpture shown is limited in quantity; but, as was to be expected, there is an amazing display of china and glass from Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Bohemia.

In the vast arena where erstwhile Buffalo Bill attracted all London, M. Theodore Rous has carried out in an exceptionally excellent manner a curious kind of entertainment consisting of a series of gigantic *tableaux vivants* intended to realize episodes in German history. In the first we behold the Barbaric Period, in the second the Middle Ages, which section is enlivened by a skilfully organized tournament, and the third brings us to the siege of the Castle of Lützen and the duel to the death between Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who is duly killed, and an extremely effective tableau of the burning Castle brings a stirring episode to a close. Then a change of scene occurs and the Palace of Potsdam slides on, while presently some six hundred very well drilled supers appear, wearing the costumes of the various German regiments. They go through a variety of military manoeuvres, and at an appropriate moment the bands strike up the German National Anthem, as a State barge somewhat incongruously makes its appearance. Then follows a mimic meeting of Prince and Emperor. It would be difficult indeed to do justice in a few words to this display, which is remarkably well contrived. The grouping in the earlier scenes is strikingly effective, and many of the costumes are not only accurate but, if a trifle garish in colour, much above the average in design and quality. Of the four pictures, the second and the last are the best. The electrical lighting on Saturday was insufficient, and it would be well if the figures advanced closer to the spectators. There is no doubt, however, that "Germania," which reflects much credit on M. Rous and Mr. James Pain, its principal organizers, is destined to become one of the most popular Exhibitions of the kind ever seen in London.

NANCE OLDFIELD—THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

THE fact that Miss Ellen Terry intended to appear for the first time in a new character was in itself all sufficient to crowd the Lyceum on Tuesday night last to excess, although, to be sure, the influence of the influenza was observable in the absence of many well-known personages whose presence under other circumstances is almost inevitable on occasions of such interest.

The late Charles Reade's *lever de rideau*, *Nance Oldfield*, is not a particularly convincing piece; its plot, as is well known, is that of *David Garrick* inverted. It may be objected to Miss Ellen Terry's Nance Oldfield that for some reason she abbreviated her words in several instances in the most approved modern fashion. "Don'tche ye know," and "I say," and so on, fell from her lips as never they would have from those of the illustrious actress who figured at the Courts of the Queens Mary and Anne. But she was throughout so bright, so gracefully spontaneous, and so natural, and, in fine, so infinitely varied, suiting every word and gesture to the next, that one could find but little fault with so fascinating a creation. Mr. Gordon Craig, who looked extremely interesting as the young author, and who acted very nicely, must correct himself of certain nervous tricks in the use of the hands and feet. As for the piece it is *gar nichts*.

As to *The Corsican Brothers*, in the first place the double part exactly suits Mr. Irving's appearance and style. In the first act as Fabien he looks to the life a Corsican gentleman, of open and charming manners, overshadowed, it is true, by a terrible presentiment of coming evil, to which, however, as an educated gentleman he does not easily succumb; but throughout the scene preceding the apparition of his brother, and even when narrating the tragic legend of his family, Mr. Irving took care to show rather a tendency to throw off apprehension than to morbidly indulge it. But it proves irresistible, and all his efforts are vain, so that when at last he sits down to write to his brother, the mind of the audience has been sufficiently excited to expect the appearance of the ghost, and is thoroughly attuned to that subtle melody which is one of the distinctive features of this play. The whole scene is supremely well managed at the Lyceum Theatre, and is watched with breathless attention—the lowering lights, the tick of the clock, the crack of the furniture, the wafting in of the well-known bars of music, are all reproduced in the most artistic manner; and when at last the white form of the ghost glides along the stage, and gradually stands by the living brother's chair, everybody is duly thrilled to the marrow, and feels an absolute sense of relief when Madame dei Franchi rushes in, and the back of the stage opens to disclose the vision of the duel in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

In the quarrel scene at the supper-table, which was superbly arranged, and reproduced perfectly just such a supper party as the elder Dumas has described over and over again in his novels, Mr. Irving acted magnificently; and nothing can well be imagined finer than the chivalrous manner in which he protected and defended the unfortunate and entrapped Mme. de l'Esparre. The duel in the Forest of Fontainebleau, with its weird effect of the reversing of the vision of the first act, is another admirable specimen of stage management; but even more excellent is the last scene of all, in the Forest of Fontainebleau in the snow, after the most exciting of fencing bouts. Château-Renaud is killed in the exact spot where so recently Fabien dei Franchi had fallen his victim.

This scene is admirable for the elaborate skill with which Mr. Irving and Mr. Terriss finish off their duel, the shattered blades of their weapons bound to their hands. When his brother's murderer dies, Fabien, with a heartbroken sob, passes off the stage into the gloaming, and the ghost rises once more amid the intensest silence—"a silence you can feel"—and the surprised audience this time recognizes in the ghostly features of this weirdest of stage apparitions those of the great actor.

The rest of the company have very little to do in *The Corsican Brothers*; but that little was excellent. Mr. Terriss's portrait of Château-Renaud, for instance, is in every way praiseworthy. His make-up is excellent, and throughout he was most convincing. In the duel scene his sense of terror at the fate he feels is in store for him was most telling, and won deserved applause. Mr. Macklin and Mr. Haviland contributed their talent towards rendering all minor parts interesting, and succeeded.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE musical event of the past week, an event which will make the present year memorable, was the farewell concert given on Monday night, at the Albert Hall, by Mr. Sims Reeves. To the present generation of concert-goers, Mr. Sims Reeves's name means little more than that of a tenor, with a perfect system of vocalization and the well-preserved remains of a magnificent voice, who was heard from time to time in a limited selection of well-known ballads. But to the historian of English music, the singer whose last public appearance took place on Monday is the representative of a great line of vocalists, who, beginning with Beard, have handed down to the present day in unbroken order the traditions of a peculiarly national form of music. It was as an opera singer that Mr. Sims Reeves first made his mark, and it was in this capacity that he first showed himself the legitimate successor of Braham. For a few years, indeed, the professional careers of the two great singers overlapped, and if Mr. Sims Reeves has not been before the public quite so long as his predecessor, he has retired now with even a higher reputation than that of the tenor whose place he filled. In opera and oratorio he was for long unequalled, and as a singer of ballads he made certain songs so much his own that it may be safely said that it will be some time before any other tenor will venture to sing them. The programme of Monday's concert was drawn up so as to enable Mr. Sims Reeves to appear in each of the capacities in which he has won renown. As an oratorio singer he was heard in Handel's "Total Eclipse"; as an operatic singer, he took part with Mme. Nilsson in the duet "Ah! Morir," from *Ernani*, while from the ballads which are so associated with his name were selected "Come into the garden, Maud," and "The Bay of Biscay." That all these were sung with the perfect art which has enabled the singer to defy the ravages of time hardly needs saying. It was only in the last song, Davy's "Bay of Biscay," that the emotion which Mr. Sims Reeves felt, at all impaired his voice, and even in spite of this, his delivery was a lesson to many singers now before the public. The rest of the concert was in more than one way interesting. Mme. Christine Nilsson returned to England especially for the occasion, and sang Schubert's "Erl-König" and "Ständchen," the Jewel Song from Gounod's *Faust*, and two Swedish songs. Her voice was in remarkably good condition, the middle register particularly having retained much of its old sonority. A very favourable impression was created by the singing of Mrs. Eaton, a pupil of Mr. Sims Reeves, who has a fine soprano voice and an extremely intelligent style. Her singing of "Hear ye, Israel," though marred by a tremolo which was probably due to nervousness, showed that she should prove a useful oratorio singer. Songs were also contributed by Meses Nordica and Antoinette Sterling, Miss Gomez, the Meister Glee Singers, Messrs. Barrington Foote and Herbert Reeves (the latter of whom sang as became his father's son), while instrumental numbers were performed by Mlle. Janotha, Mr. Percy Sharman, and the Crystal Palace Orchestra, the latter being under the conductorship of Mr. Manns. Not the least interesting feature of the evening was the delivery by Mr. Henry Irving of Mr. W. H. Pollock's farewell ode. At the conclusion of the concert, Mr. Sims Reeves was greeted with such a display of enthusiasm as is rarely witnessed, and it was not until he had expressed his acknowledgments in a few well-chosen words that he was permitted to retire from the platform, amid renewed cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

Last Tuesday the Bach Choir—which has this season been

more than usually active—gave an interesting concert of unaccompanied music at Princes' Hall. The programme included a set of three short Motets to German words, among the most recently published works of Johannes Brahms, under whose direction they were originally performed at the opening of the Hamburg Exhibition in 1889, for which occasion they were written. In their severity of form and dignity of style they recall the compositions of the German school of the early eighteenth century; they are a return to the style of Bach, and are fully worthy to be compared with the works of the great Cantor. The third of the series, a setting of a passage from Deuteronomy IV., is the most sympathetic. It is throughout full of beauty, and deserves to be heard again. The remainder of the programme consisted of Palestrina's short "Adoramus te," Bach's "Singet dem Herrn," and madrigals by Wilbye, Ward, and Morley; while relief to the choral numbers was afforded by Miss de Lara's excellent playing of Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations in C minor, Schumann's Romance, Op. 28, No. 2, and Brahms's Scherzo in E flat minor, Op. 4. The singing of the choir was hardly so good as usual, being deficient both in attack and in resonance. The sopranos and altos in particular have a bad habit of beginning a passage in a tentative way, so that the tone at each entry is at first weak and then gradually increases, as if the individual voices were dropping in one by one. The Brahms Motets were better sung than anything else in the programme, and much care had evidently been bestowed upon them at rehearsal. An infusion of young voices would be a great gain to the choir; for it is beginning to show signs of wanting the reorganization which all such bodies have after a time to undergo.

Among the many recitals and concerts of the week, the most interesting was that given by Mr. Leonard Borwick, at St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon. For some unaccountable reason, the audience was very small, and this is the more to be regretted because Mr. Borwick has never played better. His high qualities as an interpreter of Beethoven and Schumann have been fully recognized, and on this occasion were once more exemplified by his admirable performance of the Variations and Fugue in an air from the *Men of Prometheus*, by the former, and of the Sonata in G minor, Op. 23, by the latter; but it was a surprise to hear him play one of Liszt's "Soirées de Vienne," and the same composer's Fantasia on Mozart's *Don Juan*, in a manner which shows that he is fully able to beat the advanced school of pianists on their own ground. Like most of Mme. Schumann's pupils, Mr. Borwick is least satisfactory in Chopin's music; but in Grieg's "Ballade" and in a Capriccio by Brahms his playing was excellent. A curious mistake in the programme should be noticed, as it involves two errors. Beethoven's Variations were described as "Variations and Fugue over Theme from 'Eroica' Symphony," which is neither English nor correct, the "Eroica" Symphony, in which the theme from the *Prometheus* Ballet is introduced, being of later date than the Variations and Fugue.

On the same afternoon as Mr. Borwick's Recital, Mme. Burmeister-Petersen gave a similar entertainment at Princes' Hall, when she hardly confirmed the good opinion caused by her playing at a recent Crystal Palace Concert. She is possessed of a certain amount of technical skill; but her touch is hard and unsympathetic, and in none of the pieces which she played, and which included compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Raff, Kullak, and Rubinstein, did she give evidence of any great intelligence or poetical feeling.

At Herr Waldemar Meyer's Second Orchestral Concert, which took place on Wednesday afternoon, the concert-giver gave a very able performance of the solo part in Brahms's Violin Concerto, the first two movements of which in particular were played with much success. In the final Allegro Herr Meyer was somewhat overweighted; he has hardly sufficient breadth of tone or style to enable him to grapple successfully with the difficulties of the work. He was heard to much more advantage in Beethoven's Romance in F, which was played throughout with much delicacy and refinement. A feature of much interest in the concert was the first appearance in England of Mrs. Moore-Lawson, a soprano, who, unless we are mistaken, is likely to achieve considerable success. Her voice is light and flexible, and better in the upper than the lower register; but she sings with much charm, and has evidently been very well taught. Her delivery of the Air, "Dein bin ich," from Mozart's *Re Pastore*, in which she executed a difficult cadenza with admirable skill, and of songs with orchestral accompaniment by Franz Ries and Victor Herbert, elicited loud applause from an audience which was neither numerous nor enthusiastic. The programme also included the Overture to *Egmont*, a Suite for Violin by F. Ries, and the Finale to Mr. Stephens's Symphony in G minor, which was performed at a recent Philharmonic Concert. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Henschel, and the accompaniments were much better played than at Herr Meyer's last concert.

Space prevents our noticing in detail Señor Albeniz's Subscription Concert at St. James's Hall on Friday, the 8th, and the Violin Recital given at the same place by M. Ysaÿe, the Belgian violinist, assisted by Herr Schönberger, on Tuesday last.

THE SALON.

FOR those who take a gloomy view of English art, and look to Paris as the promised land of paint, nothing could be more instructive than a visit to this year's Salon. It is true that, until the opening of the rival Society in the Champs de Mars, it would be unfair to condemn the year's art as a whole, since the absence of so many eminent painters naturally lessens the average merit of the older Exhibition. MM. Puvis de Chavanne, Carolus Duran, and others who seceded with Meissonier, are all absentees; the Impressionists are, of course, unrepresented save by a few unimportant and hardly characteristic examples. Still the Salon retains its traditional features in a large measure. There is the usual supply of shivering models, so-called religious pictures, sentimental or anecdotal works (not a monopoly of our Royal Academy, as we are apt to suppose), the smooth creations of Bouguereau, archaeological monstrosities, and the inevitable portrait of Sarah Bernhardt—this time by an English artist, Mr. Spindler. The landscapes are not specially remarkable; here and there may be seen some clever handling of nature, too often, however, degenerating into mere atmospheric record. There is a considerable number of pastorals, which show that the teaching of the Barbizon school has not been neglected. The numerous portraits are, on the whole, admirable; and, if none of them are of astonishing merit, this is accounted for by the absence of M. Carolus Duran. Of decorative works of importance there are, fortunately, only two. One is a conspicuous painting at the top of the staircase by M. Gabriel Ferrier—conspicuous from its extreme ugliness. It is treated in the debased and depressing style of the Second Empire; but, inasmuch as it is destined to adorn the French Embassy at Berlin, it will, no doubt, harmonize with its surroundings. Nor must we forget those artists whose talent for misunderstanding Michael Angelo amounts almost to genius. But the exhibitors at the Salon chiefly fail when attempting more or less recondite subjects, possessing a literary motive where imagination as well as technical excellence is required. It is an old charge against English artists, more especially the pre-Raphaelites, that their technique was woefully inadequate to express their poetic conceptions or graceful fancies. It may be urged with at least equal justice against certain French artists that the admirable technique which they command seems employed only to express the nightmare of fancy and melodramatic mysticism. Again, any violent realism in religious subjects, unless the painter be another Rembrandt, appears to us to be a great mistake; but it becomes a positive crime when mingled with sham archaism. M. Paul Flandrin's "St. Eustache" is particularly violent and undignified for an altar-piece, to say nothing of its crude colour and indifferent drawing. It does not say much for French academic painting that among the half-dozen pictures of first-rate merit in the galleries one is from the hand of an Englishman—Mr. J. M. Swan, whose "Maternité," if we remember rightly, has been already exhibited in England. Those of us who hesitated to endorse Mr. Whistler's aphorism "that there never was an artistic nation" will hardly hesitate after a few hours spent in the Salon.

In the place of honour facing the entrance of the first room is "La Voûte d'Acier" of M. Laurent, an historical canvas of titanic dimensions. Except in fresco, large historical compositions are seldom artistic, perfect success being practically unattainable; moreover the Revolution, though picturesque as literary or dramatic background, is a dangerous subject for the purposes of a painting. M. Laurent records with apparent fidelity the well-known incident of the 17th of July—the visit of the King to the Hôtel de Ville—but the work is metallic in tone and destitute of atmosphere. More imposing and original is the "Chacun sa chimère" of M. Henri Martin, perhaps the most ambitious failure among the canvases in its immediate neighbourhood, which are all distinguished by pretension. The title, together with the quotation from Baudelaire—"Ils allaient avec la physionomie résignée de ceux condamnés à espérer toujours"—reveals the meaning of an otherwise obscure picture. A melancholy procession of pilgrims is represented crossing a sandy waste. Each man is carrying the symbol of his chimera; one a griffin, another a dragon, a third a gigantic peacock on his shoulders. Some bear bacchanalian women on their backs, while others, like Hedda Gabler's lover, have vine leaves in their hair. A figure with the stigma, presumably St. Francis, is leading the procession; by his side a youth holding in one hand a myrtle branch, in the other a winged bronze statue. In treatment and colour M. Martin's picture recalls the work of Mr. Watts in that artist's less happy moods; but his affinity to Fernand Khnopff is stronger still. M. Martin's painting is thin and feathery, and, though he has some feeling for colour, the startling violet shadows spoil the harmony of a picture pitched in a low key. M. Rochegrosse's "Mort de Babylone" is glaring, sensational, and not beautiful. M. Pierre Lagarde's "Jeanne d'Arc" naturally challenges comparison with Bastien-Lepage's well-known rendering of the same subject. If the comparison be not altogether in favour of the less famous painter, it will not rob M. Lagarde of the distinction of having produced one of the finest romantic pictures of which this year's Salon can boast. The painter has represented the Maid of Orleans as a mere country girl troubled with visions. She is leaning against a leaf-stripped tree at the outskirts of a wood. Blue mists are rising from a grey-green ground on which sheep are feeding. Three faint figures float behind her, St. Michael with a dim aureole and sword being alone distinguish-

able. The landscape at twilight has the quality of depth, the colour is at once rich and subdued, the face of the Maid wears a rapt expression, and the pose of her figure is dignified without affectation.

Of the noteworthy portraits, M. Munkacsy's is perhaps the least felicitous. The colour, varied and inopportune, seems to be borrowed from the sister art of the confectioner. Perhaps the best is a portrait of M. Marais (the well-known actor), which is vigorous and well balanced. M. Bonnat's "Portrait of a Lady" is more pleasing than his subject-picture, "La jeunesse de Samson." The works by Collin, Dupain, and Mlle. Delacalle may also be commended. A very delightful picture is the head of a child by M. Flourent Menst, who has not studied the Dutch masters in vain. M. Van Hove, too, who hails from Bruges, is influenced by his great Flemish predecessors. "Un Clerc" is not a mature work, but shows great promise. M. Gérôme contributes two works of comparatively little importance. The sculpture, though lacking in works of the first order, is on a higher level of general excellence than the paintings. "La Vocation" of M. Aldebert, a dignified statuette of no great pretensions, is a delicate piece of chiselling. Léon Grandin's graceful "Hyacinthe," if not quite successful, shows the true classical feeling too rare in modern sculpture. The statue of the Princess of Wales, by the late M. Chapon, will naturally attract English visitors.

THE CHASING OF CUNNINGHAME GRÆME.

"Fetters and warder for the Græme!"—*The Lady of the Lake.*

IT was a Prefect's commissaire,
All in the Pas of the fair Calais,
And he has come down upon Cunninghame Græme,
At the sign of the "Bell" where that he lay.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, Cunninghame Græme?
For here may ye no langer bide;
Ye must e'en win ower the wan water,
Before the morn, to the English side.

"For ye wad ha' garred our workmen rise,
And, Cunninghame Græme, that may not be;
Ye hae rafter and thatch in your house at hame,
E'en keep your brand for your ain roof-tree!"

They have ta'en him out, at the mirk midnight,
With his things done up in a railway rug;
With his boots unlaced, and his waistcoat wry,
But and a flea in his foot-lang lug.

Now word has gane to the gude Lord Bull,
And wroth was he at the wae'fu' tale
That the French had laid hands on Cunninghame Græme,
And had sent him hame by the night, night mail.

He has stamped his foot on the saut sea sand,
He has stricken his boot with his oaken stick;
"Now stew me in Parnellite juice!" he said,
"But this is a gey unhandsome trick."

Then up and spake a respectable page
(In the Frenchman's tongue six columns lang),
"O wae is us, and it irks us sair,
To do sae friendly a neighbour wrang.

"We ken fu' weel that the Englishman
Sets mickle store by the English name,
And is proud of a laddie that cocks his hat
Wi' siccan an air as Cunninghame Græme.

"Fu' weel we ken that ye think ae house
Is e'en like your ain, and as safe and soun',
And ye'll tak' it amiss that we haud by ours,
And will na let Cunninghame ding it down."

"Now out and alas!" said the gude Lord Bull,
"Ye are wide o' the mark as wide can be.
Ye may rid ye and welcome of Cunninghame Græme,
But why did ye send him back to me?"

"O sirs! What's gane o' your ain tolbooth?
Had ye clappit him in till his head gae'd cool,
There were weeping and wailing enough, I trow,
But never a word from the gude Lord Bull.

"Had ye quoited him out on the Germany side,
Had ye dumped him down on the march of Spain,
His clan and their kin might hae greetit sair,
But it is na Lord Bull ye'd hae heard complain.

"Had ye bookit his place to the muckle-horned deil,
Or anywhere else but his English hame,
I wad na hae stirred nor hand nor foot
To gar ye keep young Cuninghame Græme.

"But gif I had kent this time yestreen,
O neighbour o' mine, what ye wad do,
It's I wad hae foughten for Cuninghame Græme,
And the richt o' yon laddie to bide wi' you!"

REVIEWS.

SIR THOMAS MORE.*

WHEN Charles V. heard of the execution of Sir Thomas More, he declared to the English Ambassador that he would rather have lost the best city of his dominions than have lost so worthy a councillor. Most people have read enough about More to enable them to enter into the feeling of indignation with which the tidings of his death were received throughout the larger part of Western Europe. Very few, however, are so well acquainted with his life, writings, and character but that they may learn much from the Rev. T. E. Bridgett's exhaustive and carefully-written biography of him. The book has one or two faults in construction; it is too full of extracts from the older Lives, from the Letters of Erasmus, and from the works of More himself. Some of them supply narrative which should have been given by the author in his own words; others are of the nature of *pièces justificatives*, and their proper place would have been in an appendix. It would have been well also to have removed from the text some strictures on the works of other authors. Mr. Seebohm's *Oxford Reformers* comes in for frequent and judicious correction, and, as it has certainly been a popular book, Mr. Bridgett, no doubt, felt that it was incumbent on him to allot as prominent a place as possible to his answers to some of its specially unfortunate assertions. More, as is pointed out here, never showed any leaning towards revolt from the order and discipline of the Church. A well-known passage in the *Utopia* has sometimes been taken as expressing his discontent with the religion then accepted in England. If this is so, we must suppose that he intended to extol "the purely natural and unrevealed religion" of the wiser Utopians and their modes of worship as nobler than the Catholic faith and the usages of Western Christendom, which is plainly absurd. The question whether More in his treatment of heretics "contradicted the principles he had laid down in his *Utopia* about toleration" is carefully considered, and it is maintained that there is no evidence that he changed his views on this matter. More says that in *Utopia* men were allowed to propagate their religious opinions provided they did so—we quote from Dr. Lumby's edition of Robynson's translation—"peaceable, gentle, quietly, and soberly, without hastie and contentious behaviour and inveighing against other." There was little gentleness among the Lutheran reformers, who were looked on as men likely to disturb the State, and who would certainly have been punished in *Utopia* with "banishment or bondage." It is, however, unsafe, as Mr. Bridgett observes in another place, to interpret any part of the Utopian system as literally expressing its author's opinions as regards contemporary politics. Considering the spirit rather than the letter of the Second Book of the *Utopia*, we are, we think, justified in believing that More came in later life to look on heresy with different feelings from those which he had entertained in his earlier years. When he wrote the *Utopia* heresy was so insignificant that he could think of it with the calmness of a philosopher; thirteen years later it disturbed the peace of the Church, and was held to threaten the safety of the State, and More himself had by that time entered into religious controversy. Though he had nothing to regret in what he had written on religion, we can scarcely imagine that he would when Chancellor have spoken about religious differences and religious liberty in the same terms as those that he had employed in his pleasant romance. As regards his treatment of heretics, Mr. Bridgett, after disposing satisfactorily of the charges of personal cruelty which have been brought against More, says that "he held strongly that the dogmatizing heretics of those days, in the then circumstances of England and Christendom, should be forcibly repressed, and, if necessary, punished even by death, according to the existing laws," but that "in the administration of those laws he was not only rigidly upright, but as tender and merciful as is compatible with the character and office of a judge."

One excellent point in this book is that it gives the reader a clear idea of what manner of man More was, it brings out in strong colours the joyousness of his temper, the dignity of his life, his unsullied probity, and his unaffected reverence for Divine things. In his sketch of More's domestic life Mr. Bridgett labours to defend the character of his second wife, Mistress Alice, whose failings have perhaps been exaggerated by some earlier biographers. At best, however, she must have been a silly, penurious, and small-minded woman, and nothing that we find here seems to us to contradict the general opinion that her husband was "ill-matched." More's affection for his children,

* *Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, and Martyr under Henry VIII.* By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1891.

and above all for his daughter Margaret Roper, and the attention which, even in the midst of the most pressing business, he found time to bestow upon their education, are fully illustrated here by his letters. In his public life he was conspicuous among the self-seeking politicians of the Court for disinterestedness and integrity. Mr. Bridgett's attempt to discredit Hall's report of More's speech at the opening of the Parliament of 1529, when the Chancellor is said to have compared Wolsey to a "great wether," does not strike us as successful. On the other hand, we venture to think that Brewer's remarks on the want of "candour, good sense, and good taste" displayed in the speech are too severe. It is difficult for us to appreciate fully the extent to which the judgments, even of the best of Henry's statesmen, were swayed by his declarations. Henry had declared his displeasure at the Cardinal's conduct, and his servants accepted his view of the case as certainly correct because it was his. And it should also be remembered that the Chancellor spoke at the opening of Parliament as the King's mouthpiece; he declared the King's mind, the reason why he had summoned his Parliament, and the business that he expected it to do. We do not pretend that even so the speech, which we are inclined to accept as Hall gives it, is creditable to More, but we think that too much has been made of it. Mr. Bridgett gives a careful account of More's writings, dividing them generally into three classes, each of which he treats in a separate chapter. Under the heading "Literary" he discusses the earlier works, the *Life of Pico della Mirandola*, the *History of Richard III.*, the translation of three of Lucian's *Dialogues*, the *Utopia*, and some smaller publications. The book against Luther is described separately, and it is admitted that it is by no means pleasant reading, and that it contains language "that is rude and nasty." It is not a treatise on Lutheranism, but an attack on Luther and an answer to the violent abuse which he had directed against Henry; More certainly paid the Reformer back in his own coin. Whether his reasoning was "far more than was necessary to overthrow any arguments advanced by Martin Luther" is, of course, a question that will be decided in accordance with the reader's own religious beliefs. More's English controversial writings are taken together; they begin with the *Dialogue* generally known as *Quod he and Quod I*, and are "written in a popular style to defend Catholic doctrine and expose the sophisms of heretics." Mr. Bridgett's extracts from them give a fair idea of their general character. A third chapter is devoted to the ascetic or devotional treatises composed by More during his imprisonment. It is strange that, with the exception of one of these, entitled "*A Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation*," and the *History of Richard III.*, More's English works remain unedited and "almost inaccessible."

When More resigned the great seal, seeing, as was reported by Chapuys, whose words are quoted here, "that if he retained his office he would be obliged to act against his conscience, or incur the King's displeasure, as he had already begun to do for refusing to take his part against the clergy," he must have known that it was highly probable that Henry would seek occasion against him. Cromwell's attempt to involve him in a charge of complicity with the Holy Maid of Kent was foiled by the evidence of More's prudent and loyal behaviour. His ruin was effected by another means not specially devised for the purpose. The exact nature of the proceedings which brought him to his death is well set forth. By the Act of Succession the refusal to take oath to maintain the contents of the Act was made misprision of treason, but no form of oath was devised. Henry caused an oath to be drawn up which was of wider scope than the Act; for it "included an affirmation of the truth of the preamble declaring the invalidity of Henry's first marriage and the validity of his second." This, of course, implied a rejection of the Pope's authority. More refused to take the oath, and was thereupon sent to the Tower. The indictment laid against him was, however, "founded, not on the Act of Succession, but on that of Supremacy," and in the French report of his trial, written immediately after his execution, he is represented as saying that the principal charge against him was that he refused to answer, when questioned before the Council as to the Supremacy, his silence being reckoned as a "proof of malice intended against the statute." More's belief with respect to the claims of the Roman See had undergone a change since the King wrote his book against Luther. Then, as may be seen from the paper which he sent to Cromwell after his examination before the Council, in March 1534, he held that the primacy of the Pope was not of divine institution, and tried to persuade Henry to alter his treatise accordingly. But after he had read the King's book, and had studied the works of the doctors of the Church for the space of ten years, he came to the conclusion that he should be "in right great peril" if he denied the primacy "to be provided by God." At the same time, he "never thought the Pope above the General Council," and observed that "in the next General Council it may well happen that this Pope may be deposed and another substituted in his room." Mr. Bridgett considers this remark "somewhat *male sonans*," and proposes to restrict its significance, urging that More was replying to Henry's assertion that the Pope was guilty of simony and heresy, and that he can only have meant that a General Council had power to declare the See vacant for those causes. This, he says, is in accordance "with the highest ultramontane doctrine, nor would it be just to cite our great chancellor for more than this." We should not our-

selves have thought of explaining the words of an English statesman and lawyer of More's day, however sincerely attached he may have been to the See of Rome, by referring to the "highest ultramontane doctrine."

NOVELS.*

IN almost every page of Mrs. Clara Bell's version of *Le Roman d'un Enfant* there occurs a phrase for which the reviewer feels at once that "Pierre Loti" is not to be held responsible. He has only to turn to the original to find how well-grounded his suspicions are. The author, who never yet was given to the "fluent common-place," who rather prides himself on his abstention from it, has not, as it happens, spoken of "my exit from the world," of "my very tender age," of the "surging-up" of emotions, recollections, and thoughts. The adjectives he uses, again, are not fairly represented by such as "dank" and "weird," nor does he ever level a double-barrelled "great and genuine" at us. Were he a writer of English, it is as nearly certain as a thing can be he would not speak of the "irremediable fissures" in his life, nor say that one child told another a story "*à propos* to an apricot," nor narrate how his nurse "infused a cold chill" into him. He would not make these subtle distinctions between "cold" and other kinds of "chill." And if, in a fit of brooding over the past, he came upon some one memory more stirring than another, it may be confidently proclaimed he would not describe his feeling as a "retrospective thrill." But these and other "slips" being overlooked, can it be allowed that *A Child's Romance* gives us anything but a bald, poor impression of the original? What is an English reader likely to make of a French writer who describes his sensations after a certain episode of childhood in this way: "It all hurt me, fearfully, giving me a sense of the languishing end of existence, a feeling of the slow fading and dropping of everything"? This is even worse than bald, being simply caricature. After due study of it the conclusion forced upon one is that it would be as well if people would not even try to translate "Pierre Loti" at all. The translator's answer to that, of course, might be that there are a thousand things in *A Child's Romance* which will please the English reader, such as pictures of affectionate home-life, and portraits of friends and relatives of "this great writer." And it is true besides that even through the translation there runs a longing for the sea and a dread of it, which must come home to the bosoms of English people. What more? The "prettiest descriptions" of children, their games and dreams, as fairy-like as "anything in Hans Christian Andersen," and now and again a chapter like the following:—

Waking next morning with a sudden consciousness of something happy in the air and a sense of joy at the bottom of my soul, I at once saw an object of extraordinary outline, on a table in my room; evidently a canoe from the antipodes, very long and strange-looking, with its outrigger and sails. Then my eyes fell on more unknown objects: necklaces of shells threaded on human hair, feather head-dresses, ornaments of gloomy and primitive savage simplicity, hung about in every direction as if distant Polynesia had come to me during the night.—So my brother had begun to unpack his cases, and he must have crept in quietly while I was still asleep and amused himself with arranging these presents intended for my museum. I jumped up and dressed quickly to go and find him.

But even here what we have is not, and cannot be, "Pierre Loti."

Mr. Glanville's "quality" being a great liveliness of spirit, it is not, perhaps, surprising to find that his principal defect is an almost lordly lack of patience. He seems to expect his readers to furnish all that is wanting in that respect. Given the imagination, which is his, they are to believe in his plot and find a probability in his characters, while he scours the country—Zululand mainly—for "incidents." He asks, upon the whole, a little too much. We can accept his noble Zulu with a cheerful tameness; so we can the fighting, even the deadly encounter with a python, and the subsequent helping to hatch the python's eggs; all, in fact, down to the desperate victory over hordes of half-famished dogs, "the outcast, homeless dogs of a hundred abandoned kraals." But this, surely, is enough to demand of even the most capacious and complaisant "swallow." And so the line must be drawn at villains who can be the meanest of all possible villains on one page, and the best and bravest of men on the next. "Lost heiresses," who are found by every one but those very people who could not help seeing them whole chapters before the proper time—they also must go into the list. As for the Basuto humourist, so much at home in Zululand, yet known so well to the boards of any theatre where pantomimes are played, Mr. Glanville ought to kill him in his very next edition. A more serious objection, if such may be taken to so good-humoured a work as *The Lost Heiress*, lies against the way in which the author treats the Prince Imperial, Lord Chelmsford, and Sir Redvers Buller. He by no means adds an air of likelihood to his story, if that was his object, by pages of "special corre-

* *A Child's Romance*. By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by Mrs. Clara Bell. New York: Gottsberger & Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. Paris: Galimani; Brentano. Leipzig: A. Twietmeyer. 1891.

The Lost Heiress: a Tale of Love, Battle, and Adventure. By Ernest Glanville. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

Moist Warden. By J. D. Hutcheson. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1891.

The Laird o' Cockpen. By "Rita." London: White & Co. 1891.

spendence" at second-hand. Besides, in the middle of what he has already undertaken to give us—a tale, that is, of "love, battle, and adventure"—nobody wishes to have the inferior historical romance so disconcertingly sprung upon him. The blending asks for a great deal too much artfulness, and what Mr. Glanville has already promised us is quite as much as, sometimes, perhaps, even more than, he can very well perform.

If there is very little of fierce war, there is much faithful love in the story of *Maisie Warden*. That heroine, of course, is at the bottom of the only fighting that does take place, and the author has contrived to make it seem quite probable that she should find whole regiments of fiery champions the moment she is beset by a designing lover of high degree. Maisie is the miller's daughter of Auchmead, a village in the Scotch Highlands, and she allows the blacksmith's son to persuade her to a betrothal, well knowing that her father, who is the richest man in those parts, except the laird, will never hear of such a thing. That is only natural, and so is nearly all that ensues. The lover, Alan Maitland, is very obedient at first, and admits all the wisdom of waiting till old Warden can be made to see reason; but the girl, who knows her father's character better than she does her lover's, puts too long a strain upon the latter's patience. The young man ventures down to the mill one day with what the miller considers his horrifying proposition. There is an admirable exchange of good, broad, forcible Scotch, and the interview ends as one expects it to do. It is shortly after this that the fighting begins. Maisie cannot, or thinks she cannot, forgive her too precipitate lover. Certainly she has some cause to complain. Her life has become a very dreary affair indeed. The miller, who is an elder of the church, quotes Scripture at her, with an appalling fluency. To escape from this, and to teach Alan Maitland obedience in the future by making him heartily wretched at once, she indulges in a very innocent flirtation with Stephen Wingate, the "villain of the piece," the one weak character in the book. This gentleman's talk is so insufferably long-winded and unnatural that one wonders the girl should prefer it even to the Doric version of the Bible, delivered by an angry father. For the purposes of the story, however, she does prefer it, and Alan Maitland in consequence as nearly as possible drowns the villain, after thrashing him in a stand-up fight. Wingate, it should be remembered, is only a "fause Southron," and makes one of the shooting party "up at the laird's." Like most of the English characters in an otherwise capital novel, he is poorly drawn when compared with the natives of Auchmead. He is by no means grateful to Maitland for seeing that his punishment went no further than a thorough wetting. He behaves in consequence like an abject sneak, thereby bringing about a still more serious crisis in the affairs of Maisie Warden and her lover. And at that point, perhaps, it will be as well to leave them with one more word of praise for a pretty story, skilfully and always soberly told.

In *The Laird o' Cockpen* we have another Scotch story. Most of the scenes, that is to say, are laid in Scotland, and the characters as they come and go speak a kind of Scotch when they happen to think of it. The judicious, however, will remember as they read that the "documents" upon which this romance is founded consist of a pair of diaries kept by a pair of very young people. That accounts for much. Athole Lindsay, one of these two memoir-writers, is only seventeen when she first meets and falls in love with her fellow-diarist, Douglas Hay. All the names, by the way, are noble, ear-filling, and pleasing to the eye. Douglas Hay, when it is his turn to speak, describes himself as "a coward and a scoundrel." This is excess of flattery. One of these two words is such a very big one that it makes a kind of Giant's Robe for him, even though he has jilted Athole Lindsay. Now, though the young lady would not, in all probability, ever write him down in her diary as a "horrid little cad," yet, when once her eyes have been retouched by Puck, and she sees clearly what sort of an animal it is she has been caring for, would she not imitate the example of Titania, given under somewhat similar circumstances? But she does not mercilessly "cut" him, even though she has become Mrs. Campbell of Corriemoor, wife, in other words, to "the Laird o' Cockpen." For the sake of the reader's amusement it is as well she is not as relentless as one would like her to be, since Douglas Hay returns to Inverness after two years' wandering in such excellent company, in the company of Huel Penryth, a gentleman of "large discourse, looking before and after." There are few as deliciously ridiculous as he in the whole library of burlesque. In person he is perhaps a shade handsomer than Byron. We first meet him on board ship, busy flinging such winged words as these in the teeth of a howling gale:—"How feeble and weak, after all, is the skill of man against the forces of nature? Who shall bridle the wind and arrest the thundercloud, or steer the lightning flash on its wild flight? Look at that seething mass. How the white horses toss their manes and gallop over the wild sea to-night. Ah! is it not grand, glorious, superb?" It is indeed, and Mr. Snodgrass alone was fit company for the likes of Huel Penryth. And yet, such is the world of fiction (to speak of the Penrythian vein), it is partly due to his eloquence that *The Laird o' Cockpen* has a moral and rather striking dénouement. "Rita" is also to be congratulated upon having created characters who are much pleasanter to meet than her pair of diarists.

THE SWORDSMAN.*

CAPTAIN HUTTON, who is too well known both as a swordsman and as a writer on swordsmanship to need an introduction, intends his book, *The Swordsman*, to be, we presume, a summa of the science of fence—which is not equivalent to the science of fencing only, but to that and something more. Fence includes the use of the sabre as well as the small-sword, and it does not exclude the use of the knife. This last weapon being plebeian, not to say heathenish and papistical, has not been included by Captain Hutton, though it is also known to him, as he lately proved by a learned discourse on the best way of employing the carving-knife, commonly called the new bayonet. The swordsman of Captain Hutton is presumed to desire to handle only the small-sword, which is gentlemanly; the sabre, which is respectable; and the bayonet in its legitimate form of short pike. The use of these weapons is explained in the order we have put them in here—which is the natural one. It may be laid down with confidence that, whereas a man who begins by being a fencer in the limited sense of the word—a fencer with a foil—will find himself well prepared to learn the sabre, he who begins with this latter weapon will find he has spoiled his hand for the former and the more delicate. That is not equally the case as between foil and bayonet; but even so it is best to begin with the former, because it is, so to speak, the Latin Grammar of Swordsmanship—the best of all training by which to acquire sound general principles.

With the preliminary remark, demanded by the barest justice, that the forty-two illustrations are both firmly drawn and exact, we may go at once to Captain Hutton's text. Fig. 14, by the way, which gives the position of the hand in the elegant but rarely taken parry of prime, puzzles for a moment; but when you remember, the point of view, which is to the left of the swordsman, will be seen to be quite accurate. We need hardly say that Captain Hutton, whose object, as stated in his preface, is to write, "not an elaborate treatise, but merely a handy manual for the guidance of both teacher and pupil," does not profess to say anything new about a science which has been so much written about, and so well and so recently, as fencing proper. The most a writer on the subject can do now is to make a good selection of rules and observations, arrange them clearly, and put them into language free from ambiguity. This Captain Hutton has done. We are not sure that we altogether share his preference for the Italian form of stopthrust, "in which the left foot is slipped back and the right arm extended until the position of lunge is attained." This is pretty, and it has so far a practical advantage that it gives the fencer a solid support. Yet it sins against the rule that you should never make more movements than are necessary. To take the position of guard backwards, too, is against the general practice of fencing—and the necessity of thinking of it just when the greatest speed is required seems to us very likely to confuse—to say nothing of the fact, that to have your left leg going back while your right arm is going forward is not a bad way of throwing yourself off your balance. The doubly-minded fencer is unstable on his legs—a maxim we quote from an unpublished collection in our possession. Captain Hutton's description of the practice of drawing back the sword before lunging as "vicious" is absolutely correct, but we are surprised to find him saying that "There is but one sensible way of treating a man who persists in using this style of attack, and that is to refuse flatly to fence with him at all." Surely this is a strange confession of weakness, in the presence of the bungler. Captain Hutton's system of sabre play, which he has already expounded in a very handsome volume, is more individual and original than any conceivable treatise on fencing could now be. Whether the grip which he recommends will be acceptable to swordsmen who are not blessed with very powerful hands is doubtful. Captain Hutton recommends that the hilt should be held with the thumb flat on it. Now, this way of holding the weapon has the advantage that it increases your control over the point of the sword, but it has the serious drawback that, if you are pitted against a powerful swordsman, you run a very considerable risk of a dislocated thumb, which would be painful in an assault and absolutely fatal in a fight. The "medium guard" for the sabre recommended by Captain Hutton seems to us decidedly the best, though he has against him the authority of Mr. Waite, who taught his pupils to use a high seconde. Mr. Waite defended the position on the ground that it was the best from which to parry quickly. This is true, but Captain Hutton's guard between carte and tierce is a natural one, in which the muscle of the arm is not fatigued by strain, which must necessarily make it slow. Besides, Captain Hutton's guard—and this may also be said of carte or tierce pure—is the best for attack, and after all in fighting the victory is to him who attacks, and not to him who stands on guard. We may conclude by pointing out that Captain Hutton repeats in this volume those lessons in "Blindfold Fencing" which he gave in his previous book, *Cold Steel*. They are interesting, and even a little mystical. At least, we seem to be getting into questionable regions when we hear of "the sensation of contact with the master's foil being of a magnetic nature." Captain Hutton, however, believes much in the blindfold lesson as training, and after all this is a point on which experience alone is of much value.

* *The Swordsman: a Manual of Fence for the Foil, Sabre, and Bayonet; with an Appendix consisting of a Code of Rules for Assaults, Competitions, &c.* By Alfred Hutton. London: Grevel & Co. 1891.

HANDBOOKS FOR GEOLOGISTS.*

PROFESSOR COLE has signalized his entry on a new field of work by the publication of a geological text-book. This supplies a want which hitherto has been unsatisfied. It deals with practice rather than with theory. To quote his own words, it "is intended as a companion to any ordinary text-book, and it is hoped that it may be of special service to those students who have made excursions into the field, and who wish to determine their specimens for themselves." The book, in short, embodies the practical knowledge of the wants of students which the author acquired during his long experience as assistant to Professor Judd at the Royal School of Mines.

In the first part of this volume, entitled "The Sampling of the Earth's Crust," Professor Cole gives directions for work in the field, dealing with a number of practical details, among which some small, though by no means unimportant, matters, such as the form of hammer, the method of carrying specimens—in short, the equipment of a geologist in general—are discussed. We think, however, that exception might be taken to this sentence, "A compass is a necessity for the pedestrian." This is only true under certain circumstances; but a compass is always a necessity for the geologist, because without it no accurate observation as to the "lie" of strata can be made. We differ from him also as to the indispensability of a walking-stick on a geological excursion; "on steep or roughest ground" it is either needless or ineffective, for in really awkward places something longer is required, while in all others it is a nuisance, because it encumbers either the hand or the mind.

In the next part of this volume the student is taken from the field to the laboratory, and instructed in the method of examining and determining minerals. Their ordinary physical properties, the processes of ascertaining specific gravity and of testing by various reagents, the use of the blowpipe and flame-reactions for qualitative purposes in certain cases, are described in considerable detail. Then comes a further stage in the investigations. Here the student must have recourse sometimes to chemical, sometimes to physical, aids, so that the ordinary methods of chemical analysis are described, and a considerable space is devoted to the study of thin sections of rocks under the microscope. The directions and descriptions relating to the latter subject are very clear, precise, and helpful. The more common constituent minerals are then described in alphabetical order, their optical characters receiving special attention.

To minerals succeed rocks, to which some chapters are next devoted. In regard to the igneous rocks the author prefers inclusive terms to the minute subdivision favoured by many petrologists; but, while thoroughly approving of the principle, we are not always at one with Professor Cole in his application of it. For instance, we doubt the advantage of regarding the so-called nepheline-syenite as a variety of syenite, and should prefer to separate saussurite-gabbro and altered dolerite from diorite. By thus extending the limits of the last term Professor Cole is compelled to treat olivine-gabbro and olivine-dolerite in a separate group, which we think more likely to create than to remove difficulties. In fact, Professor Cole's arrangement of the igneous rocks, as far as it can be called an arrangement, seems to us a little deficient in logical consistency. It is also unfortunate that he helps to make current the term "ultra-basic" for purposes of rock grouping. "Acid" and "basic" are intelligible, though obviously, to a great extent, arbitrary as broad divisions—"ultra-basic" is as meaningless as it is needless; for, if rocks with about forty per cent. of silica be thus designated, why should not those with an exceptionally high percentage of the same constituent—say, about seventy-five—be separated as "ultra-acid"?

The concluding part treats of the identification of fossils, dealing only with the more prominent genera among the invertebrates. More than this could not be attempted without greatly enlarging the size of the book. Woodcut illustrations are numerous; in all there are 136, but many of them are rather too rough to be much help in identification. Still, the book will be a great boon, alike in the class-room and to the solitary student; to the younger workers in geology it will be as indispensable as a dictionary to the learner of a language.

Dr. Hatch's book is smaller in size and more limited in scope than Professor Cole's, for it is restricted to the petrology of the igneous rocks. After some brief prefatory explanations he gives a description of the minerals of which these rocks are composed, together with a few others, which though not properly constituents are frequently found as associates. This is followed by a notice of the commoner structures in igneous rocks; lastly, the principal varieties of the rocks themselves are described. The book is so admirably executed that to venture on criticism seems an attempt at carping. If we were to risk the latter, we might object that Dr. Hatch shows rather too much favour to the cumbersome nomenclature beloved by German petrologists;

"ultra-basic" also figures in his pages, with such ugly and meaningless names as "felsophyre," "lamprophyre," "tholeiite," &c. These may be defended on historical grounds, but their right place is the penal seclusion of a note. We regret to see "elvan" retained as the name of a rock species, for it is only a Cornish miner's term of indefinite meaning, and we doubt whether "amygdaloid" can be used for a cavity in a lava, unless this be filled with some mineral—that is, we believe the name to have been given from its aspect rather than from its shape. Dr. Hatch also uses words which will lead the student to think that the change of augite to hornblende takes place only under the influence of mechanical stresses. It is quite true that these are very favourable to this change, but any restriction to them is a hasty generalization. But these are trifles; the book as a whole not only is convenient in form and excellently printed, but also is well planned and well executed; so clear, concise, and accurate that it cannot fail to be very useful to students.

The next work departs from the severity of a text-book. Mr. Hutchinson's plan may be told in his own words. It is

to give in simple language, and in a style which, it is hoped, will not deter the reader, a brief sketch of the former history of our planet, beginning with its first appearance as a member of the solar system, and passing through all the different geological periods, with their changing scenes and various phases of life, down to the latest period when man appeared on the scene. Secondly, to explain, however briefly, the methods by which the conclusions of geologists have been arrived at, or, in other words, to put the evidence before the reader so that he may see how these conclusions were formed, and judge for himself how far they are reasonable.

Thus the tale begins with the nebular hypothesis of the origin of the solar system, told in language as far as possible divested of technical phrases, with a warning to the reader that, at present, it is only an hypothesis, though the most probable which has been advanced. To this succeeds a brief enumeration of the agencies which have produced changes on the surface of the globe, together with a few judicious remarks on the principle of "uniformity," and on the danger of pushing it to an extreme. Mr. Hutchinson then begins his story with the earliest or Archaean period, which, however, like the birth-time of many nations, is still involved in such obscurity that he can do little more than recount hypotheses and indicate the general tendency of evidence. With the Cambrian rocks the task of deciphering Nature's hieroglyphics becomes more easy, and the tale proceeds with greater smoothness. So the story of the development of life upon the earth is carried through its successive phases, until it reaches the last—the Great Ice Age—which is almost as fruitful in controversy as the first, and then geology, with the appearance of man, slides imperceptibly into archaeology.

The author's task has not been easy. Geology, from the very nature of the case, cannot be divested of technicalities, and the tale of a world peopled by strange living creatures, often very unlike any which now exist, cannot be told without the use of names unknown to all but instructed readers. It is easy for an author, in endeavouring to avoid overmuch technicality, to fall into little inaccuracies and slipshod modes of expression. From this danger Mr. Hutchinson appears to have escaped with remarkable success. He writes as one who is thoroughly well acquainted with his subject, not only from books, but also in the field. He describes clearly the leading features of the physical geography, and of the life-history of the different geological ages. Perhaps in so doing Mr. Hutchinson passes rather too hastily over the earlier half of the Trias, the Bunter Beds of geologists, for he barely mentions the interesting pebble-beds and sandstones which overspread so large a portion of our Midland districts, and takes as his type of this epoch the red rocks of Devonshire, of which a considerable part is considered by some geologists to be earlier in date. This, however, is only a slight blemish, which can be readily amended in another edition. The book, as a whole, is worthy of high praise; written in a pleasant, attractive style, well printed, and sufficiently illustrated, it can hardly fail to interest a much wider circle of readers than either of those which precede it in this notice.

LONDON PAST AND PRESENT.*

A BOOK that has been long expected is sure to disappoint some of the expectants. Yet, under the circumstances, it is difficult to see how Mr. Wheatley could have done better. Cunningham, in adopting the alphabetical form for his *Handbook*, heavily handicapped his future editors. A systematic account of the City under "Wards," and of the suburbs—the new "county of London"—under "Parishes" would in some respects have been preferable; but the first idea evidently was to make the book a new edition of Cunningham's admirable *Handbook*; and this is what we have before us, not a new compilation. A history of the histories of London would be a book by itself. We have had Stow, and many editors of Stow, for the most part mere chroniclers of changes without original research. In addition, we have had the anecdotal writers, many of them extremely careless and inaccurate, who have only been consistent in refusing to spoil a good story from any scruple as to truth. A whole chapter would have to be devoted to the guessers—the archaeologists who discovered the "Old Bourne" and the "Flood Gate,"

* *Aids to Practical Geology.* By Grenville A. J. Cole, F.G.S., Professor of Geology in the Royal School of Mines for Ireland. London: Griffin & Co. 1891.

An Introduction to the Study of Petrology: the Igneous Rocks. By Frederick H. Hatch, Ph.D., F.G.S. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

The Autobiography of the Earth: a Popular Account of Geological History. By Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B.A., F.G.S. London: Edward Stanford.

London Past and Present; its History, Associations, and Traditions. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Based upon "The Handbook of London," by the late Peter Cunningham. London: John Murray. 1891.

and the "Chere Reine," and "Tide-end-town." Mr. Wheatley, unfortunately, has more than once in these volumes cast in his lot with the guessers, as we shall see; but he has avoided their worst errors. Finally—with a long interval—we have the modern scientific historian, a class of which John Richard Green must be reckoned the first. Green's earliest attempt in history was an essay on the London election of Stephen; and to the last day of his life he took the keenest interest in London history. The discovery, by Mr. Maxwell Lyte, of the old documents at St. Paul's, documents to which it is more than likely Stow had partial access, was described in the *IX. Report Historical Manuscripts Commission*, and has made a complete revolution in our knowledge. Similar deeds and documents, perhaps not quite so old, have been found at the Guildhall, and have been edited, or are being edited, by Dr. Reginald Sharpe. In old cyclopædias, and, indeed, in one which is by no means old, London has its Roman history—chiefly conjecture—its Saxon history, its Norman history; and then the continuity of the story has been interrupted, and the writers have skipped the Middle Ages bodily, and begin again about the time of the Wars of the Roses. Yet it was in the reigns of Henry I., Henry II., John, and Henry III. that the citizens of London vindicated, maintained, and preserved their share of the old English liberty; and the history of their struggle for freedom is ten times more important now than any, even the most accurate, account of Richard Whittington, or the amours of Edward IV. and Jane Shore. But Mr. Wheatley, whose *Round About Piccadilly and Pall Mall* is one of the most delightful books in the world of the anecdotal class, has preferred in the new volumes to take the same line, and to give us as much association and tradition, but as little history, as possible. If we measured his work by the standard of Green or Guest we should find it utterly wanting; but, measured by Cunningham, we find it an improvement in every respect, both in accuracy, in entertainment, and in popular interest.

In dealing with Saxon London Mr. Wheatley does well to mention, though not with thorough approval, the opinion of Dr. Guest that for a while after the departure of the Romans the city lay empty and desolate. The next paragraph contains such a tissue of errors that it is not easy to unravel it. First we are told that "the names of the two counties in which London is situated" may help to solve the question as to the early Saxon occupation. That London is situated in two counties will make most London antiquaries stare, but they will be still more astonished when they go on and find out what those two counties are, according to Mr. Wheatley. He names Middlesex and Surrey! If he had named Essex and Surrey we should not have been so much surprised. Undoubtedly an integral part of London, the ward of Bridge Without, was once in Surrey, and was only taken out of Surrey in the sixteenth century. It is also a fact that Beda and the Chronicle seem to imply that London was for a time the "metropolis" of the East Saxons. But Mr. Wheatley is the first to connect Middlesex with London. There is no ground for such a connexion to be found in any of the authorities he can have consulted. He names Green, but only as thinking that the Middle Saxons were an offshoot of the East Saxons; which is likely enough, as we find the same kings reigning over both. Reading on we come to a fresh and even worse error. The name of Surrey proves, we are told, that it "must have been peopled from the river," as, if the first settlers had come from Sussex or Kent, they would not have styled "these hills the South Ridge." But did they style the hills the South Ridge? If they did how does the name now appear as Surrey? Can Mr. Wheatley find anywhere a change of ridge into ey. We trow not. Guest and Green knew well enough that Surrey is the south "rege" or kingdom, a very different thing. Mr. Wheatley omits altogether the central fact of the history of Saxon London—its abandonment by the Saxons in or about 856, and its subsequent resettlement, after the lifetime of a whole generation had elapsed, by King Alfred. He does say:—"In 886 Alfred overcame the Danes, restored London to its inhabitants, and rebuilt its walls"; but this assertion has no meaning if the city had been continuously inhabited in the meanwhile. Stow distinctly asserts the contrary, and until we know better we must accept his authority.

In his account of Norman London, Mr. Wheatley is on firmer ground. He translates, by the way, "monasterium" by "monastery," in quoting a chronicle, as to St. Paul's, but "minster" would be more correct. The existence of a minster in the east at St. Paul's gives meaning to the name of Westminster. He speaks of the foundation of Bermondsey Priory by *Athin* Child. Most, if not all, the authorities call him *Athin*. Mr. Wheatley is unfortunately not interested in municipal history, and the long struggle of the citizens for their ancient freedom is not even alluded to in an otherwise delightful and interesting chapter. There are some valuable notes on Chaucer's birth and dwelling place in the city; and we have a new citation as to the mayor's precedence. In 1415, it seems, a conference was held in the City, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury and two of the king's brothers were present. The mayor, as the king's representative, took the place of honour. Mr. Wheatley misunderstands the import of the next anecdote on this subject. The "some years later" of which he speaks was nearly half a century. Sir Matthew Philip was mayor, and a dinner was given, if we mistake not, at Ely Place, in Holborn. Philip was put below the Earl of Worcester; and being offended, went home. The point of the story is that the serjeants at law, who gave the feast, judged that Ely Place was without the City, and so placed the mayor, as he

is still placed, with the rank of an earl, but after Worcester, who was a great officer of state at the time, and took precedence of others of his degree. The mayor, conceiving Ely Place to be within his jurisdiction, thought he should take precedence of every one except the king himself. These are little points Mr. Wheatley ought to have understood. Otherwise there is no object in telling the story. Ely Place is certainly without the City boundaries now. The point is, however, of very small importance; and Mr. Wheatley may think it a very odd way to eulogize his book by finding fault with these small points; but if he will believe us, it is just because his book is so good that we would like to see it better. He is most unlucky in his remarks on names; and we may in concluding this notice of his Introduction observe that Ludgate was not of "great antiquity," that it did not exist in Roman times, and that the name, which is good Anglo-Saxon, or Old English, for a "postern," has nothing to do with Lud. John of Lydgate came from a place of the name in Wessex. Mr. Wheatley, perhaps wisely, avoids deriving Cripplegate in the Introduction, and quotes the correct derivation under the name. Altogether, although we cannot accept this Introduction as quite satisfactory, we may confess that it is most pleasant reading, and the reader will hardly lay it down before he comes to the County Council and the public work before it, with which this preliminary chapter ends.

Mr. Wheatley, it may be said, has aimed, perhaps, a little more at being entertaining and a little less at being instructive than we can quite approve; but the line had to be drawn somewhere, and undoubtedly Mr. Wheatley has drawn it in an exceedingly popular quarter. He is never recondite or abstruse; he knows perhaps a little less about names than he ought, but he does know what people will like to read about, what are the questions which interest them when they walk through the London streets; and his English, like Cunningham's, is always well chosen, and leaves no doubt on the mind of the reader who consults his pages. He has been exceedingly careful as to recent events, and we now know the names of the architects who are guilty of the worst disfigurements of the modern streets. Some of the longer articles, such as those on Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, and the National Gallery, to mention but a few, are models of condensation and original information. We may note a few corrections and additions for a future edition. In Brewer Street, the Chevalier D'Eon occupied No. 40. The statement on p. 184 that Bucklersbury is called after the trade carried on in it is directly contradicted on p. 297, where the correct derivation, from a family named Bokerel, is given. It is a mistake to say the name of Charing Cross has not been satisfactorily explained. Charing is undoubtedly the name of a Saxon family or tribe of rather wide distribution, and there is nothing either obscure or peculiar about it. Cheapside was always Cheapside, never Cheap or West Cheap. These names apply to the market place of which the roadway of Cheapside formed the northern border. On p. 401 we read that the City returns four members of Parliament; but the reduction of the number to two was made by the Redistribution Act. Under the "City and Guilds of London Institute," Mr. Wheatley should have pointed out that there are no City Guilds and have been none since the reign of Edward VI. Conduit Street was on part of the City estate held for the purpose of supplying the City with water, and the first entry, if we mistake not, in Letter Book A at the Guildhall relates to it. Dr. Sharpe could enlighten Mr. Wheatley on the subject. In briefly summarizing the artistic contents of Devonshire House, the most remarkable in many respects, the collection of designs by Inigo Jones made by Lord Burlington should not have been omitted. Groping Lane was probably near St. Paul's, not on Tower Hill, which is mentioned with it in an old pamphlet quoted by Mr. Wheatley as equally infested by untrustworthy folk. Under Hand Alley and a long quotation from De Foe's *History of the Plague* there should be at least a line to say De Foe was no authority. His book is a fiction, and was written as passably honest "journeywork in default of better" about sixty years after the Great Plague, when there was great interest and alarm about an outbreak at Marseilles. The statement about the Heralds' College, that the appointment of heralds is in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk, is made twice over on p. 209. "Kings bridge, comonly called Stone bridge, nere Hyde parke corner," is not Knightsbridge, as Mr. Wheatley seems to think. It was at Engine Street and crossed the Tyburn, whereas Knightsbridge was over the Westbourne. There are two mistakes about the Savoy Chapel. Bishop Halsey is called Halsal, and the brass which commemorates him equally with Bishop Douglas is spoken of as new. Not to leave off with fault finding, we may say, once for all, that the enormous mass of material gathered by Cunningham, and added to by Mr. Wheatley, forms in itself an encyclopædic library of Old London, its gossip, its eminent inhabitants, and its buildings, if not of its history.

WALPOLE'S LETTERS.*

MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM'S edition of Walpole's correspondence, which was issued as far back as 1857-9, has long ago taken its rank as one of the best annotated of its kind. The

* *The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford.* Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. In 9 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1891.

editor was enough of an investigator and antiquary to do his work adequately, and, at the same time, too much of an artist to disregard proportion, and to do it immoderately. One shudders as one looks at the nine closely-printed volumes recently re-issued by Messrs. Bentley, and thinks what might have happened if Mr. Cunningham had conceived his function after the fashion of the modern editor (say) of Hume's Letters to Strahan. In that case, hardly nineteen volumes would have served to deliver an elucidated and interpreted Walpole to a grateful, if embarrassed, world. As it is, Messrs. Bentley's format is too large for real comfort; and—though it is not likely that a handy-volume issue will ever see the light, except in that land of forlorn literary enterprises, America—it is impossible for the fervent readers of the brightest and wittiest of English letter-writers not to sigh sometimes for some form of their favourite which they could read with comfort in an arm-chair, or in bed, or on a journey. In all these conditions Horace is delightful. There is, indeed, scarcely a dull page in his entire series of epistles, and, if there is, we should be inclined to give him the benefit of the explanation once claimed by Steele in similar case—namely, that there is some good reason for it, and that it is done afrethought. The present issue gains by the transfer of the general preface from vol. ix. to vol. i. It would, perhaps, have been an advantage if some of the scattered additional letters which have made their appearance of recent years could have been included; but this, we assume, could only be effected with considerable disturbance of stereotyped plates.

BANKING REFORM.*

THE second part of Vol. II. completes Mr. McLeod's *Theory of Credit*. By far the greater part of it is devoted to the history of banking in the United Kingdom, with notices of the commercial and monetary crises of the last two centuries. The historical portion of the work contains little that is new, and therefore does not call for much comment. It is written partly to illustrate Mr. McLeod's views, and partly to lead up to the suggestions of reform he has to make. Every reader at all acquainted with the subject is aware that the first bankers in this country were the Goldsmiths, who, about the time of Charles I., began to take in money on deposit and to issue notes. They did this without authorization from the Government, and without any legislative regulation of their business. It was not until 1694 that the Bank of England was established, and it was not until some years later that even the Bank of England received the monopoly it has since exercised. At the time the issue of notes was believed to be the main business of banking, and when Parliament forbade all Associations numbering more than six persons to issue notes, it thought that it had practically given a banking monopoly to the Bank of England. In fact, the Act did prevent the starting of joint-stock banks until the present century. We believe that Mr. McLeod is perfectly right in his contention that the Act has inflicted much injury upon the development of the country. It was supposed that joint-stock banks could not be established in opposition to the Bank of England; but private bankers, if the partners were fewer than six in number, could start in business, and any one who liked, provided he could induce his neighbours to take his notes, was free to do so. From time to time incompetent private bankers, with too little capital and without sufficient acquaintance with the business, plunged the country into serious difficulties. When the Bank of England was established William III. was engaged in the great struggle against Louis XIV., and the main object of his Government in founding the Bank was to raise money to enable him to carry on the conflict. The Bank, therefore, was required to lend its capital to the Government, and it received authority to issue notes to an amount equivalent to the capital so lent. Year after year fresh capital was called up, always for the purpose of being lent to the Government. As the Bank was thus regarded as a kind of financial support of the Government, it was not required to establish branches all over England, as the Bank of France is required by law to establish branches in every Department of France; and, unfortunately, the Bank of England, satisfied with the profitable business it was doing, did not take advantage of its great opportunities to fully occupy the ground. The result, as already stated, was that powerful joint-stock banks being prohibited by law—or being supposed to be prohibited—room was left for incompetent private bankers to start in business without sufficient capital, and to issue notes, and bring about great suffering from time to time. At last it was discovered that, though the Act undoubtedly prohibited other joint-stock banks from issuing notes, it did not prevent them from doing deposit business; and in 1825 the Ministry of the day induced the Bank of England to consent to such an amendment or declaration of the law as allowed of the establishment of joint-stock banks. Since then great numbers of joint-stock banks have been founded in London and in the provinces; some of them have become almost as powerful as the Bank of England itself, and nearly all have reached great prosperity; so that now we have come to a state of things in which the Bank of England, though it is the Bank of the Government, though it has in London and

for sixty-five miles round the exclusive right of note issue, and though it is the keeper of the ultimate banking reserve of the country, does not dominate the other banks, but is little more than first amongst a number of great banking institutions. In Scotland the Bank of Scotland at first got a Charter giving it a monopoly like that conferred upon the Bank of England; but the Charter was not renewed, and from that time till 1845 banking was free in Scotland. The result is that a number of joint-stock banks have grown up, all with the right of note issue, and all carrying banking facilities to the smallest towns in the country. In Ireland banking was later in developing than either in England or Scotland; but even in Ireland there are several joint-stock banks with the right of note issue. The banks, however, that have been founded since 1845 have no right to issue notes.

In 1844 dissatisfaction with the management of the Bank of England induced Sir Robert Peel to bring in and carry through Parliament the Bank Charter Act, which divided the Bank of England into two departments, an issue and banking department, continued its right to issue notes against the debt due to it by the Government, but required it to keep gold against all notes issued in excess of the debt. The belief then was that crises were brought about by over-issuing of notes, and it was hoped that, if the volume of notes decreased with the amount of gold, the currency would always be kept in a healthy state and crises would be prevented. Three years later, however, occurred the great panic of 1847, and Government had to suspend the Bank Charter Act; in 1857 the Act had again to be suspended; and for the third time it had to be suspended in 1866. If it had not to be suspended last November, that was due mainly to the courage of the Governor of the Bank and the promptitude with which all the other banks rallied round the Bank of England and guaranteed it against loss when it assumed liability for the Baring acceptances. Mr. McLeod has little difficulty in showing that an Act which has had to be suspended three several times in less than fifty years has failed. Indeed, few people now would hesitate to admit that, however expedient the legislation may have been when it was proposed by Sir Robert Peel, it has become obsolete through the great change that has since taken place in the economic development of the country. But while few people will differ from Mr. McLeod when he says that the Act now requires to be amended, not many, we are inclined to think, will agree with him in the proposals he puts forward. Briefly they are, that all the banks should be allowed to issue notes. Now there is no reason why there should be a monopoly in the issue of notes any more than in any other branch of banking business. And if the ground were now entirely unoccupied, and we were considering how a banking system should be built up from the very foundations, everybody, we presume, would agree that there ought to be a clear field and no favour. But we are not proposing to build up an entirely new system upon unoccupied ground. The Bank of England has existed for two hundred years; it has performed inestimable services to the country during that time, its prestige stands as high at least as that of any other institution in the world, and its credit is practically unassailable. He would then be a very bold statesman who would propose to take away from the Bank of England privileges it has enjoyed for two centuries—unless, indeed, the Bank itself was willing to part with them. If the Bank no longer values the right to issue notes, and is willing to give up the right or to share it with its competitors, there is no more to be said. The task then becomes very easy. But, although issuing of notes is not as valuable now as it once was, we doubt very much whether the Bank of England would be prepared to give up a privilege which distinguishes it among all the other great banks in England. If the proposal was to take away the privilege from all banks and to vest it in the Government a tolerably strong argument might be put forward. But Mr. McLeod expressly and emphatically condemns the assumption by the Government of banking functions. What he recommends is that the privileges of the Bank of England should be extended to all other banks. Furthermore, we doubt very much whether the other banks care sufficiently for the right to issue notes to make it worth the while of any Minister to quarrel with the Bank of England in order to give them the privilege. Our great joint-stock banks have grown up without the right of issue. The National Provincial and some others of them once had the right of issue, and they gave it up for the sake of being allowed to establish offices in London. If the mere right to do business in London is of more value than the right of issue in the provinces, we doubt whether the other banks would care very much for the privilege which Mr. McLeod would extend to them. It is to be recollected that they are all now of mature age, that their business has developed upon well-established lines, and that they are highly prosperous. To engage in an entirely new kind of business would therefore not be very attractive to them in the nature of things, especially when we bear in mind that, if they are to issue notes, they will have to keep gold in their vaults as a security for the notes, which means a large expenditure, both in providing warehouses for the gold and also in providing protection against thieves, fire, accidents, and the like.

To us it seems that Mr. McLeod's proposal, however unexceptionable in principle, is too revolutionary in practice. It would array in its support no great interest or popular movement, and it would arouse against it the determined opposition of the

* *The Theory of Credit*. By Henry D. McLeod, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. II. Part 2. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

Bank of England. Furthermore, even if it were carried, we see no reason to expect that the result would be better than can be attained without such revolutionary procedure. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposal to give the right to issue one-pound notes, if conferred upon the Bank of England, would do all that is really required. The notes would displace in the circulation an equivalent amount of gold which would be held by the Bank, and would strengthen it immensely. And if, in addition, one peculiar provision of the German Bank Act were copied, it would give an elasticity to our system which is now greatly needed. As matters stand at present, when the stock of gold held by the Bank of England decreases, no matter what the reason may be, the notes issued must be correspondingly diminished. Suppose that the reserve of the Bank of England is only 10 millions, that the money market is greatly disturbed, and that there are fears of important failures; and suppose that, owing to political difficulties abroad, or the necessity to import immense quantities of wheat, or for any other reason, two or three millions sterling in gold are withdrawn from the Bank of England, then two or three millions sterling in notes have to be cancelled, and the reserve of the Bank of England falls to seven or eight millions as a consequence. This creates universal alarm, and probably precipitates a panic. If Sir Robert Peel's Act were amended to this effect—that the Bank might issue notes in excess of its authorized issue and also of the coin and bullion it holds, provided it paid the Government a tax of 5 per cent. upon the excess, then the Bank would have a very strong motive indeed for not exceeding the ordinary limit of its issue; but it would have the power to exceed that limit when there was such a demand for money in the City that borrowers and the holders of bills would be willing to pay it more than 5 per cent. This is in effect the provision of the German Act to which we have referred. And we venture to think that if it were adopted by our own Parliament, and if at the same time the Bank of England were allowed to issue one-pound notes, all that is really requisite would be effected. Our system would receive the elasticity now wanting to it, and the Bank would be able to meet great emergencies without going to the Government and inducing it to become a party to an open breach of the law.

SWAINSWICK.*

IF Bath did not happen to be itself one of the prettiest of the smaller cities of England, we should still have to admire its surroundings. The handsome stone streets, squares, and circles, in, for the most part, an excellent Italian style, were for a long time more or less without their due admirers; but taste has changed, let us hope, for the better, and Mr. Peach, in his former volume on the *Historic Houses of Bath*, has done much to add the interest of association to that of beauty. In his present volume, on one of the suburbs, Swainswick, although he has stated only facts, almost without comment, and although he has made no attempt by fine writing to enhance the interest of the story he has to tell, he gives us an example, by far too rare, of how a parochial history ought to be written, what are the important points, and how far old traditions and conjectures ought to be respected. No doubt he fell into good hands, and had the best of advice in his undertaking. The deeply-lamented Mrs. Henley Jervis, one of the most clear-headed unravellers of a genealogical puzzle we ever knew, placed her collections at his disposal; and he has had the further advantage of advice and assistance from Professor Earle, to whom he dedicates his work.

Swainswick, according to the older school of local historians, who generally neglected an obvious derivation for one as far-fetched as possible, was called from the celebrated swine of Bladud, who, "after leaving Keynsham, and safely crossing the Avon at Swineford, with his pigs, took up his abode in the village." Wood, the historian of Bath, in 1749, believed the whole history of Bladud, and told it over again with improvements as if it admitted of no doubt. This John Wood was the architect to whom Bath owes some of its best elevations. "He was a singular admixture of practical ability and genius, combined with a marvellous passion for archaeological extravagances and Pythagorean circles, with every form of astronomical and astrological nonsense derived from the old chroniclers." When he died he was buried by his own desire in the churchyard of Swainswick, "which village he believed to have been founded by Bladud, the son of Hudibras, in the reign of Solomon, King of Israel." If this and similar traditions and legends are ridiculous, it must still be allowed that the name provokes conjecture. Who was Swain, and why was this wick called after him? Mr. Peach is slow to accept a theory that he was Sweyn who conquered all England, except London, in the time of Ethelred, and who at Bath received the submission of the thegns of the West. But the name does not occur in Domesday, and Swainswick is only one of a number of wicks in the neighbourhood of Bath, such as Bathwick and Tatwick, and, a little further off, the-of-Dickens-immortalized-name, Pickwick, which is in Corsham, over the Wiltshire border, although a house called "Pickwick's," now "Hill Farm," is in Swainswick. Mr. Earle is of opinion that it began "in the need to discriminate between

the wicks, that the original sense is the homely one of swine-herd, for so *swān* meant in old English." Mr. Earle goes on to remark that the word has died out of literature, being perhaps partly suppressed by a cognate form, *swain*, which was from the Danish settlements and became literary. This seems to be going a little further than the case demands. The local pronunciation is undoubtedly "Swanswick"; but so it might be in Wessex, even if the original had been "Sweyn's Wick." But that it was King Sweyn after whom the place was called is also wholly unnecessary; there were probably plenty of Sweyns in England down to the time of the Norman Conquest and later. Why should the King have deliberately wasted his time and resources "in climbing a steep and rugged hill to reach this village," even though, as Polydore Virgil says, "while Swene sojourned at Bath hee was soe molested with penurie of corne that he was constrained to suffer the Englishmen to redime of him the tribute wherwith the realme before was levied?"

The descent of the manor is carefully traced from the thirteenth century, when it belonged to the Hussey family, down to 1521, when it was given to Oriel College, Oxford, by Dr. Richard Dudley. The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and contains work of all the styles, from Norman to Perpendicular, and even later, for "the curious old hatchment now over the door inside has C.R. 1647, with the Royal Arms." These Royal Arms and funeral hatchments are very obnoxious to "restorers." A very interesting series was lately destroyed at St. Albans, though even Scott had spared it. Parish churches used to have many, but it is rare to find one now. Mr. Peach quotes his list of incumbents from Mr. Weaver's recently published book. It goes back to 1297, and begins in that year with "Willelmus, persona." Every memorial and inscription in the church and churchyard is copied—a very good feature of the book, though we fail to find anything very remarkable either for the eminence of the person commemorated or for the oddness or beauty of the epitaph. We regret to see that some "restorer" has buried a long row of sepulchral slabs under the altar pavement.

A second manor, noticed in the Domesday Survey, is Tatwick, "Tatewiche." This is a fine name for such an antiquary as Wood. "There is a place," he says, "in the bottom of a valley called Tatwick, a name implying the Mansion of Tutates or Mercury." Mr. Peach seems to enjoy these speculations; but he need not have printed *Zeudavesta* for *Zendavesta*. "Taiths, or, as he puts it, Taites, was a deity to whom the Tots, Toots, and Tooters were dedicated"; but Wood could not or would not discern the more practical side of the subject. Tat generally denotes an eminence or height, and Tatwick describes the locality accurately. Mr. Peach traces the descent of the manor and its divisions in the Gore Langton and Gunning families. Then follows a kind of biography of William Prynne, who was born at Hill House in Upper Swainswick, in 1600. We cannot understand Mr. Peach's account of the arms, "or, a fess engr. az. betw. Coronet or. an eagle displ. p. p. and beaked sa. *Deo adjuvante*." It is a pity so accomplished a topographer should not learn a little heraldry to set off his other qualifications as a local historian. Prynne's conduct in the troubles of Charles I. is well known; but, as he opposed the King's death he was received into a certain amount of favour at the Restoration, and had the appointment of Keeper of the Records, where he did excellent work, much of which is still of high value.

The register of Swainswick begins at a comparatively early date—namely, 1557. It contains the names, fully annotated, of several families which have risen to a certain degree of eminence, such as the Gunnings, Clarkes, and Hydies, and many curious explanatory notes are added by Mr. Peach. The average of duration of life in Swainswick seems to be high. In 1586 the death of Elionor Cox is registered "being an hundred yeres old," but Mr. Peach cautiously observes that there are no means of verifying this estimate. In another case, however, the name of John Powle occurs in 1558, when his son, another John, was baptized; and again, in 1630, when we read that "John Poule the eldest, being about an hundred yeres of age, was buried." In the year 1808, says Mr. Peach, James White died in the Walcot Poor-house, Bath, aged 107, having been born in the parish and having never been out of it for twelve months together. There are several examples of extreme longevity in the Swainswick books. In 1624 "Jean Lewes, an ancient old woman about the age of 96 yeres, was buried." In 1635 a second member of the long-lived Powle, or Powell, family is registered as "being about 100 yeres of age." There is a curious entry under 1715, which, as Mr. Peach observes, is indicative of more loyalty than scholarship:—"Dear Lord make thy sarvant gorge an our grassious King to rejoice." The parochial accounts begin in 1631. There are many entries for killing foxes—as, for instance, "For six foxe heads and three ravens, 6' 3'" and "For a foxe heade and 4 younge Ravens, 16s." From 1638 to 1687 there are almost annual payments to "poore Irish people," and to "disbanded souldiers out of Ireland." In 1686 Bishop Ken exhorts his clergy to collect on behalf of the French Protestants, and there is a list of twenty-eight contributors in Swainswick, the whole amount being only 19' 2½! The most remarkable feature in the Poor-rate accounts is the spelling. Thus, "Mr. Whittington for y^e parsnidge" pays 1s. 0d. The Whittington family, of which Sir Richard, the Lord Mayor, was a scion, is still extant at Swainswick, and Mr. Peach includes an elaborate pedigree. Certain names appear in the accounts sometimes for a series of years, as absorbing all the charity money. Sometimes these names almost seem to have been used in order

* *The Annals of the Parish of Swainswick.* By R. E. M. Peach. London: Sampson Low & Co.

to enable the churchwardens to draw the money. In a great city hospital, which covers a whole parish, it is said that two "tame paupers" are kept for this purpose, and at Swainswick, Edith Groome, Anne Pearce, and Francis Smith successively absorb the charities before 1699. In 1711 one Benjamin Grease, or Greas, or Gres, seems to have been used for the purpose, and some very elaborate accounts relate to fitting him out, and binding him apprentice. Among the items we find 2s. for sealing his indentures, 4l. 6s. as a fee, 2s. 8d. "for one pere of shoos," and 1s. for his "wascot." But poor Ben Grease, as his name last appears, was not destined to enjoy these luxuries long. The next entries relate to "the tending of ben Greas," and Jone Mainard receives 1s. 6d. for her offices during his illness, which itself is not mentioned. Then comes "Benjamin Greas" alone, and the sum of 1s., after which we have "Ye Poticary," 4s.; "for digging of Ben Greases grave, 2' 6d."; "for Beniemim Grease's Cofing, 7'." Various other members of the family continue chargeable to the parish for a little time, and then disappear from the page of history, one of the last entries relating to them being "for cole for Grese's family, 4' 8d." The next series of entries relates to the nursing of the "Barstard Marjery 6 weeks and som od days 13' 6d." Next, three warrants for Somerset, Wilts, and Bath city respectively are taken out against Elizabeth Leek "upon suspicion of being mother of the child, and charges of looking after her at severall other places 12' 6d." A lawyer about the affair of "Bett. Leek" cost the parish 3' 6d.; but in the next year we find Marjery still an expense, and as her name is entered as "Marjery Ink," it is probable the proceedings against Miss Leek came to nothing. Marjery herself disappears from the record soon after, and is succeeded by two foundlings, named Simon and George. Simon is apprenticed to a gardener, and George continues at "skool," and costs the parish certain sums for "buttons and linen," for "making and Pockets," for "a payr of Breeches," and for shirts, shoes, and stockings. Finally, however, George also goes apprentice to "a Gardner," and has a regular outfit on the occasion, including the results of certain labours in "mending George's ould close." After 1724 we hear no more of "the poor Boys." The curiosities in these Poor-rate accounts are almost inexhaustible, and we can only quote one more:—"Due to the Parish—One Shilling forfeited by John Bence for swearing." If "a swear" cost 1s. at the present day under some of the Irish Boards of Guardians, we should not hear so often of their having no assets. How rich might Kilkenny have lately become! The index of Mr. Peach's book is hardly adequate. Ben Greas and Marjery Ink are wholly omitted from it.

THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT.*

IF it were not that this collection of essays and lectures by artists, some of whom are of considerable eminence and experience, is presented to us in a form of exasperating foppishness, we should welcome it with warmth. But it is impossible to avoid alluding to the outward and physical form of the book, which seems to insist upon being noticed. We will, therefore, notice it, and in all seriousness. The Guild of Handicraft sends out its first volume of *Transactions* in a large, loose wrapper of coarse brown paper, on which a sort of marigold is hand-painted in white. It may be said that this ugly cover is not intended to be preserved, but to hold the book till it is bound. But when the latter is opened, we find affectation walking naked and unashamed on every page. The paper is good, but the printing is simply odious. It copies and exaggerates the accidental faults of the early copyists and engravers. There is no proper relief between the lines, the words are huddled together, and even the natural pauses, which should give relief to the eye, are filled up with ridiculous stars and brackets, in imitation of the florid superfluities of an old manuscript. The result is to make the page extremely fatiguing to read. In addition to this, we are further annoyed by foolish decorative woodcuts, very poorly executed, the effect of which is merely to fritter away the attention. All this, and more, is intended to add "artistic value" to the publication, and to give it an air of great refinement and distinction. In point of fact, it simply displays a puerile lack of taste and judgment on the part of the editor.

When we come to the literary part of the volume, we find that the book so ridiculously presented to us is of positive value. The preface by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., gives the imprimatur of that eminent painter to the work carried on during the last three years by the Guild and School of Handicraft in their workshop at 34 Commercial Street, Whitechapel, some of the results of which are detailed in ensuing pages of these *Transactions*. In a few graceful words Mr. Watts dismisses these enthusiastic young craftsmen with his blessing. The idea of preserving and printing the lectures given to the Guild and School we then learn is due to Mr. W. B. Richmond. Of these discourses the first seems to have been that which Mr. Holman Hunt delivered at the opening of the Whitechapel Picture Exhibition in March 1888. Many students of art will be glad to possess this remarkable discourse. We are not blind to the faults of Mr. Holman Hunt as a writer;

he has a very heavy hand, and his serpentine sentences wind about, bury themselves in the sand, pop up again at unexpected places, and sometimes die of exhaustion before their natural close is reached. His style is deplorable, but we always listen with interest to what he is striving to say. He upholds the importance of a true decorative instinct, "without this, art is a mere exotic in a country, never deep-rooted, and not able to live without glass-houses, and yet able to sap nourishment from the hardy indigenous growth." On this text, with much embroidery of contempt for Greuze and Continental landscape and French brutality and Impressionism and what not—for Mr. Holman Hunt is strong as a despoiler—he sends the Guild and School of Handicraft forth into the deserts of Whitechapel.

Mr. Alma Tadema follows in a much more optimistic spirit, with a cheery little essay on "Sculpture." What he says about the practical importance of a close relationship between sculpture and industrial art appears to us to be of more value than that barren and fatiguing denunciation of existing taste in which so many speakers on art in England indulge. Mr. Alma Tadema, in phrases as simple as possible, appeals to the British workman to be beautiful. "My friends," he says, "let us apply this love of beauty to everything. If we do, we shall make ourselves happier and others happier too." He gives a bold expression of praise to English pottery, and his illustration is a striking one:—

As soon as we English can make our productions as tasteful as the French, our work will be better than theirs, for already it is more solid. Our earthenware is better than any other. Our Minton ware and Doulton ware are admirable. I was at Rome not long ago, and went over the Farnesina Palace, and was pleasantly struck by finding a Minton pot on a mantelpiece, holding its own in the company of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Talking of sculpture, Mr. W. B. Richmond has been better advised than when he permitted the head which he modelled before the Guild and School of Handicraft, on an eventful evening of April of last year, to be engraved as a frontispiece to this volume. So proud are the Guild and School of this achievement that another full-page plate in the body of the volume shows us the sculptor in the act of creation, while a trembling worshipper lifts high a moderator lamp over his head. The legend under the frontispiece calls it "Mr. W. B. Richmond's Masque," for the ordinary spelling, "mask," is too correct, and not aesthetic enough for the Guild and School. On a later occasion Mr. T. Stirling Lee, a sculptor of great accomplishment, was lecturing on his art, in rather a high-faluting style, when it is recorded that a student pulled him up with the remark, "We should be able to get more valuable instruction from the lecture if we were told how the structural working is carried on inside." Alas! that is the impression which we may carry away from some others of these lectures.

Yet there are good things in this curious volume. There is a great deal that is true and valuable in Mr. E. Prideaux Warren's essay on "Parlour Architecture." Mr. G. F. Watts speaks as one who knows in his little paper on "Gesso." Mr. Richmond's lecture, in the midst of which he executed the "masque," is a well-constructed piece of writing, and contains a number of useful and suggestive remarks. There is a curious air of amateurishness, a fragmentary sentiment, over the whole volume, but this is inseparable from the scope of such *Transactions*. One of the lectures is positive rubbish. This is a harsh expression, but it is inadequate to render our feeling in regard to "The Artistic Aspects of Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*," by Mr. Henry Holiday. Simple-minded and uncritical the Guild and School of Handicraft are expected to be, but they should not carry their qualities to the extent of listening in patience to phrases so rapid and generalizations so feeble as build up this truly amazing lecture. It consists of unconnected ravings, of which the following are fair examples:—

Oh, the miserable crawling slaves, the god Profit on one side, the god Snob on the other, ruling them with rods of iron, while Beauty, scoffed out of Society, holds her lonely state in a National Gallery.

The elimination of the word "menial" from our language will be a priceless gain.

There are one or two Sanctuaries where Beauty is still allowed a refuge, and the very few who are ever allowed by the god Profit to have a spare hour, occasionally visit her, but, if she appears in the street, the god Snob hoots her and tramples on her.

Mr. Holiday ought to be delivered, bound hand and foot in his own rhetoric, into Mr. du Maurier's care, addressed "Office of Punch."

Those who have followed us in these desultory remarks will have been able to form a fair impression of a very odd book. We have rarely seen what is good and what is utterly bad so innocently served up in a single olio. No doubt, this confusion is a true reflection of the minds which organize the Guild and School. Excellent practical advice and the ravings of Socialist pulpit-thumpers, delicate and refined work and pretentious experiment, success and failure in handiwork, all are welcomed alike by these earnest and simple students. All they need is judgment, and this the years will bring. The yeast of opinion will not ferment for ever; it will result in the shutting up of shop altogether, or else in staid and dignified performance. In the interim, as a sign of the times, no book ought to prove more interesting or amusing to a philosopher than this first volume of *Transactions*.

* *Transactions of the Guild and School of Handicraft*. Vol. I. London: published by the Guild of Handicraft.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.*

DR. JAPP, who is an intelligent person, must, we should think, have felt a little "cohorrescent and evasurient" when he passed for press the following hitherto unpublished lines of his author:—"No Greek book amongst the many that have perished would so much rejoice many of us by its resurrection as the comedies of Menander. Yet if a correspondent should write word from Pompeii that twenty-five thousand separate dramas of Menander had been found in good preservation, adding in a postscript that forty thousand more had been imported within the last two hours, and that there was every prospect of bagging two hundred thousand more before morning, we should probably petition Government to receive the importing vessels with chain-shot." Dr. Japp, we say, who is a person of intelligence, must, if he is also a person of humour, have half-laughed and half-quoted as he felt the chain-shot of fancy shivering his own timbers. There has been a certain tendency to petition Government in a similar strain on the subject of the extensive consignments of De Quincey and De Quincey literature which have been recently received and promised. To this petition we do not give our adhesion; though, as we have said, and need not repeat at any length, we wish that the De Quincey explorations and restorations had been conducted on different and more definite plans. This latest contribution is the most agreeably produced in form of all—much superior to the "complete" edition which it is designed to supplement. Dr. Japp seems to have begun with some idea of annotating more or less freely, but to have given it up or found it unnecessary, and, with the exception of brief introductions, the volume is almost pure De Quincey. It contains, first, such of the *Suspiria* as escaped, or were subsequent to, the conflagration which De Quincey notices, but were not incorporated in his own or any following issue. At the other end of the book is a batch of "omissions and variations" and a larger and more interesting batch of *brevia*—notes for articles rather than articles themselves—while the centre of the book is made up of odds and ends of all sorts, one of the most interesting being an experiment in English hexameters intended for *Blackwood*, but either not sent to that periodical or not accepted.

The general character and the general merit of the fragments are both very much what might be expected. We for our part are glad to have read them all; and it would be possible to pick out of them some decidedly striking things, the best of all being, perhaps, with a terseness rare with De Quincey, the definition of the right of private judgment as the right to talk nonsense if you like. From cover to cover the book is, again as we should expect, full of proofs of the extraordinary range of De Quincey's intellect, his reading and his interests, of his singular combination of suppleness and laboriousness of mind, and of the tendency in him to think on paper as it were—to take a strange delight in exhibiting the whole process of ratiocination, instead of communicating merely the results. It is undeniable, also (yet, once more, as we should expect), these sweepings of his study do not exhibit him often at his very best, and do exhibit him pretty often at what is not his best. The description of the "Monitory Hebe" in the chief of the recovered *Suspiria* cannot touch the famous Ladies of Sorrow or even Savannah-la-Mar, and is not without a slight suspicion of the nambypamby, which may recur to some in reading the "Loveliest sight for woman's eyes." Nay, in this last there are to be found, what are very rare in De Quincey's authorized work, actual faults of style, as here:—"Now when the great vernal passover of sexual tenderness and romance has fulfilled its purpose, we see rising as a Phoenix from this great mystery, &c." Now your pass-over of sexual tenderness is a thing dubious in taste by himself he, but what on earth has your Phoenix to do with your passover? These things are confusion. To which we may add that, in some fragments of what Dr. Japp may be very probably right in thinking was intended for a great work on Paganism and Christianity, there is evident a sort of eclectic and undogmatic heterodoxy which we at least do shrewdly suspect would have proved to be but confusion likewise. De Quincey's instincts both in politics and in religion were sound, and his principles good; but his habits of expatiation made him rather a dangerous commentator on both for the exoteric hearer.

Do we find fault with him on this ground? By no means. On the contrary, the fact of his not having published these things himself increases our respect for his self-critical faculty; while there is nothing in them which need make us quarrel seriously with his heirs or with Dr. Japp for publishing them now. They complete, if they do not notably improve, the idea of one of the first English men of letters of this century, and they add some matters of positive interest to his work. One of these, unjust enough, but characteristic and pleasing, is a furious *coup de boutoir* at poor Horace Walpole, not merely for being unkind to Chatterton (a charge which we venture to think utterly unfounded), but for being so wicked as himself to commit Chatterton's sin by assigning *The Castle of Otranto* to the excellent Canon somebody and William Marshall Gent.

* *Posthumous Works of Thomas de Quincey*.—I. *Suspiria de Profundis*, &c. Edited by A. H. Japp. London: Heinemann.

SOME WENTWORTHS.*

THE Wentworths have produced some notable men and women; but without prejudice to Peter Wentworth, the intrepid advocate of Parliamentary liberty of speech, or to "Long John" Wentworth, known in American politics, it may be said that the fame of the great Strafford overshadows and dwarfs the rest of his kinsmen, near or remote. It is, therefore, a good service on the part of Mr. Rutton to show that there is historical and biographical, as well as genealogical, interest attaching to other branches of the house besides the parent stem of Wentworth-Woodhouse. The families selected for treatment in the present volume are (1) Wentworth of Nettleshead, Suffolk; (2) Wentworth of Gosfield, Essex; (3) Wentworth of Lillingstone Lovell, Oxfordshire. Of each of these there is a carefully drawn and what does not always accompany good genealogical work) a carefully printed pedigree in which the leading names are shown in a special type. In addition Mr. Rutton sketches the career of each of the more notable Wentworths who belong to the three family groups. The Nettleshead house was founded by Roger Wentworth, a Yorkshire younger son, who married the rich widow of Lord Roos, who was also the rich daughter of Sir Philip Despenser. The lucky northern squire was not otherwise notable, but his son, Sir Philip, was at St. Albans when the first blood was drawn in the struggle between the White and Red Roses, and had the more unlucky distinction of being executed by the victorious Yorkists after the battle of Hexham. His son Sir Henry was "restored in blood" and became a man of importance in Yorkshire, of which county he was Sheriff as well as Steward of Knaresborough Castle. His heir, Richard, was knighted at the coronation of Henry VIII., and was present with others of his kinsfolk at the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Sir Thomas Wentworth was created Baron Wentworth of Nettleshead in 1529, and supported the King in the matter of the divorce of Katharine of Aragon. A few years later he was one of the peers who condemned the unhappy Anne Boleyn to die, and in 1539 he was one of the four hundred courtiers who went to Calais to escort Anne of Cleves to the husband in whom she had the good or bad fortune to excite a hearty distaste. Perhaps the most creditable thing we know of Lord Wentworth is the unavailing pity he showed at the martyrdom at Ipswich of Kerby and Clarke, whom, with other justices, he had condemned. The second Lord Wentworth was deputy of Calais, when the city was lost to England, though not by his default. His heir was the first Earl of Cleveland, and with his son was an active cavalier. The life of his daughter, Henrietta Maria, Baroness Wentworth, is the most romantic episode in the annals of the Suffolk Wentworths. The weak, but fascinating, Duke of Monmouth had been married at the age of fourteen to a wife whom he never at any age loved, and when, as a young man, playing a part in the Court masque of *Calisto*, he met Lady Henrietta, he conceived a strong affection for her, and, whilst at first she avoided him, his importunity finally prevailed. When he started on the fatal expedition which ended in defeat at Sedgemoor and death on Tower Green, some of the money came from the sale of her jewels. They were both greatly to be pitied, and her influence upon him was wholly beneficial; but even for such illustrious and unfortunate sinners it is not desirable to "debase the moral currency," by allowing that a lawful wife may be blamelessly set aside, and her place taken by another woman. Individual cases of hardship are less evil than the ethical anarchy that might follow such loosening of the marriage bonds. But no one can read the story of Henrietta Wentworth without the sincerest commiseration for a nature noble and unselfish even when most misguided. The "Monmouth Oak," at Toddington, is a memorial of the happiest days of these lovers before the shadows had gathered, and when Monmouth little dreamed that he would perish on the traitor's block, or that his lovely mistress would die of a broken heart. She is buried at Toddington church, which also contains the grave of her aunt Maria, who died at the age of eighteen, and whose epitaph really includes the lines often quoted as a burlesque upon Puritan forms of expression:—

... the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubim.

The Wentworth title passed from Monmouth's unhappy friend to her aunt Anne, on whose marriage to Lord Lovelace in 1638 Carew wrote an "Hymeneall Song," which is not mentioned by Mr. Rutton.

The Gosfield branch is less distinguished, though it produced some county gentlemen, courtiers, and members of Parliament. Whether our old English gentlemen and gentlewomen had learned "how to be happy, though married," does not appear, but some of them may be said to have married early and married often. Thus Anne, the daughter of Sir John Wentworth, was married in April 1554 to Sir Hugh Rich, who died in the following November. She then married Henry, Lord Maltravers, the only son of the Earl of Arundel, who died June 30, 1556, when at Brussels journeying on a mission to the King of Bohemia; and a few years later the disconsolate Lady Maltravers entered into a matrimonial contract with her "servant," William Deane of Tunworth. This marriage was not so dignified as her previous

* *Three Branches of the Family of Wentworth*. By William Loftie Rutton. London. (One hundred copies printed for Subscribers.) 1891.

alliances; but, as Mr. Rutton points out, the lucky steward or manager was himself of gentle blood. We may add that a William Deane, gentleman, of Tunworth, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, married a sister of Dean Nowell, and "Mr. John Deane, gentleman," of the same place, frequently occurs in the *Shuttleworth Accounts*. Lady Maltravers died in 1581, and the widower must promptly have remarried; for he died in 1585 the father of three children by a second wife, of whom he was the second husband.

To the Lillingstone-Lovell family belongs Peter Wentworth, that loyal subject of Queen Elizabeth whose plain-spoken plea for freedom of debate in Parliament landed him a prisoner in the Tower, where he died one of the many honest men who were sacrificed under Tudor rule. His younger brother Paul was also a staunch defender of the rights of Parliament. Another interesting member of this family was Sir Peter Wentworth, K.B., M.P., who, after collecting "ship-money" as Sheriff of Oxfordshire, and voting against the attainder of Strafford, finally sided with the Parliament. He spoke the last words in the Long Parliament, making a dignified protest against the arbitrary action of Cromwell in the forcible dissolution of that Assembly. Sir Peter belonged to the Independents, and his will, amongst many other bequests, includes one of 100*l.* to "my worthy and verie friend Mr. John Milton (who writt against Salmatius)."

Mr. Rutton's subscribers will be hard to please if they are not satisfied; for his genealogical work is thorough, his historical and biographical notes as interesting as they are sober in tone. We wish, however, he would avoid the use of the present instead of the historic tense. The well-printed book and its illustrations are in complete good taste.

A CRUISE ON FRIESLAND "BROADS."

A *CRUISE on Friesland "Broads"* is a very pleasant little book. Evidently the writer enjoyed his holiday thoroughly, and enjoyed writing about it. With a subject which he understands, and in which he is keenly interested, any man can write well; and it is only when Mr. Brougham makes too many little jokes, or compares the course of human life to that of the river Thames for several consecutive pages, that we feel any inclination to cavil at his style. He and his companion had two fourteen-foot boats built, and on board of them cooked and slept (under tents), and sailed a long way through the many meres and waterways of Friesland, winding up with a visit to Holland as well. His ideas of how to see the Low Countries may be given in his own words:—

A boat that is your bedroom, dining-room, omnibus, railway, and everything combined—your home, in fact, only a locomotive one—and where you are your own waiter and boots, is the means by which to see this country. You start when you like, you stop when you like, you feed when you like, you change your plans from going south to going north, and nobody cares and says you can't. It's the way of getting about.

Friesland is no new cruising ground to English yachting men; the ubiquitous Mr. E. F. Knight passed through it on his way to the Baltic in 1887, and, more recently, Mr. Doughty explored it in a Norfolk "wherry" and wrote a charming account of his voyage. It sounds like meeting an old friend to read that Mr. Brougham fell in with "Peter," the pilot of the *Gipsy*, and foregathered with him. With the exception of "Peter," their object seems to have been to avoid the natives and seek secluded spots wherein to camp; which is all very well, provided you can find them and the weather is fine. We think that for two men to sail in two boats was a sad waste of strength, and that a small centre-board sloop such as is figured in M. Guy de Maupassant's *Sur l'Eau*, a Thames "Bawley boat," or a miniature Norfolk "wherry," would have been far handier. The reason stated for taking the two little boats is that occasionally they would have to row; but a small yacht can be worked with "sweeps" quite as effectually, and in the case—not an infrequent one in Holland or Friesland—of a long reach in the wind's eye without room to tack, one hand on the bank, with a towing line, could pull the vessel along while the other steered. The comfort, too, of a cabin, however small, is very great as compared with a mere sailcloth over an open well, and in villages and towns provides a refuge from the unmannerly curiosity of which all travellers in Holland complain, and of which artists tell piteous tales. Nevertheless, as the voyagers seem to have accomplished their trip so well, it may be thought superfluous to tell them how they might have done it better. It is curious that no one who sails in Holland seems to take with him a Dutch dictionary and conversation-book; indeed, a friend of ours once declared that, if you only spoke broad Yorkshire, the ordinary Dutchman would pick up your meaning. Mr. Brougham notices the resemblance between Norfolk and Holland in the matter of "quants," the method of hoisting sails with only one halliard, of lowering masts, and so forth, and inquires with great simplicity, "Whence come all these strange similarities?" Would he be surprised to hear that there is at this day a Dutch church in Norwich?

Men who really love sailing and living on board of small boats will be especially interested in the details which the author has modestly put into an appendix out of the way of the "general reader." Here he discourses pleasantly and profitably on

"fitments," and when on the subject of cookery he describes among other matters, the notable tin device (his own invention) from which, as from an artist's colour tube, he could squeeze his daily ration of cold plum-pudding. Both travellers took the now universal "Kodak" photographic camera, and have furnished the book with some capital illustrations, whose only defect is their smallness. We hope that Mr. Brougham will make some more pleasant cruises and write some more accounts of them.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN ITALY.*

MRS. LEADER SCOTT has devoted a handsomely printed volume to the glorification of the three dwellings in and near Florence of an Englishman named Mr. Temple-Leader. This gentleman has devoted some amount of taste, and a still larger proportion of money, to the rebuilding or renovating a feudal castle, a large country villa, and a town-house in and near Florence. At Vincigliata, a most lovely site in the hills a few miles above Florence, there was, till about 1855, a ruined feudal castle, full of historic memories of the great families whose names constantly occur in the most thrilling passages of Florentine history. With the help of an architect learned in mediæval archaeology, and a number of skilful carvers and masons, Mr. Temple-Leader has raised on the site of the old feudal dwelling a very good modern imitation of a mediæval castle, with central keep, outer baily, and all complete. Whether this was worth doing is another matter, and the lover of mediæval art and genuine relics of the past might perhaps be inclined to ask whether Mr. Temple-Leader could not have selected another site and raised his pseudo-mediæval castle without practically destroying what remained of a very interesting though sadly ruined building. A considerable portion of Mrs. Leader Scott's book consists of a description of the various parts of this elaborate architectural forgery, as it may be called, and of a catalogue of the curiously miscellaneous contents of the various rooms, which the owner has made into a museum of objects of all dates and kinds. Outside a very narrow circle such a book as this can have little interest. The best part is that which describes the modern processes of oil- and wine-making, which are carried on in a very vigorous and wholesale way at Mr. Temple-Leader's Farm-Villa at Maiano.

THE COLLIE, OR SHEEP DOG.†

WHETHER, as our author suggests, the honest collie first became fashionable when Becky Sharp told Lord Steyne that she must have a sheepdog or not, it is undeniable that the noble animal has within recent years taken a prominent place in the highest society. The Scotch shepherd of the olden time would have considered himself well paid if he could have exchanged his canine companion for a five-pound note; nowadays, if he has been careful of his breed, and the breed be a good one, a handsome specimen of it will fetch in the market ten times as much, or even more. Mr. Lee, in the interesting work before us, does full justice to this type of dog, which in strong character, acute intelligence, and gentlemanly bearing has no equal—unless among his brother Highlanders of St. Bernard. The term "Highlander," however, as Mr. Lee demonstrates, is no longer exclusively applicable to the collie. There are dogs of this kind, such as the old English "bob-tailed," and the "smooth coated Northumbrian," of families either so long domesticated in England or of such purely Anglican origin as to be unable to claim traceable connexion with the collie of the North. But amongst these we note that the author has omitted to mention that most interesting breed of white collies from the Berwickshire moors, which the present Earl of Haddington has taken so much trouble to rescue from inferior crosses. The wealth of England, also, now that the animal has become a domestic favourite, has imported to the South some of the choicest specimens of the finest Northern breeds; and probably at the present day a purchaser will find the widest and best selection at the English shows. We question if the introduction of the collie to the life of the parlour and drawing-room is not likely, in a few generations, to deteriorate his breed and to impair his character. He is essentially a dog whose constitution adapts him for active outdoor exercise and the plainest fare; and the habits of refined life, with the food of the well-supplied kitchen, are certain to enervate his physique, lower his intellect, and sour his temper. It will become all the more necessary for those who really appreciate the special qualities of the collie, and to whom his native instinct is invaluable, to do their best to preserve a good breed from contamination, and to rear their dogs according to the hardy and simple plan under which they have hitherto developed.

Mr. Lee's book, filled as it is with accurate information as to the various strains and valuable suggestions as to their rearing and management, is a manual which to all collie-owners or collie-breeders is likely to be highly serviceable.

* *Vincigliata and Maiano*. By Leader Scott, Author of "Renaissance of Art in Italy." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

† *The Collie, or Sheep Dog*. By Rawdon Lee. London: Horace Cox.

* *A Cruise on Friesland "Broads."* By Hon. Reginald Brougham. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

TWO BOOKS ON MARSHLAND.*

SUCH books as the *Annals of a Fishing Village* will probably be of more interest to the readers, if not to the writers, of future histories than anything yet to be disinterred from State records or archives. The reading public concerns itself comparatively little with the secrets of conspiracies against Plantagenet kings, or the actual religious belief of some peer who professed himself Protestant when the Church lands were being confiscated by the Tudors. But pictures of old English life and manners must always have a picturesque fascination. The marshy districts on the east coast of Kent, although geographically within easy reach of the metropolis, were absolutely isolated before the introduction of railways. The anonymous author of this little volume, relating his own early experiences, describes with remarkable spirit, and unmistakable fidelity, the manners, the prejudices, and the superstitions of a population who had been in the habit of intermarrying from time immemorial. Naturally there was a levelling of the inequalities of ranks and classes. The Son of the Marshes was the offspring of a *mésalliance* between the well-born daughter of one of the Huguenot settlers and an ordinary fisherman. He had a taste for art and a turn for drawing; he was devoted to natural history, and he threw himself enthusiastically into patient, though unscientific, observation of the habits of the wild creatures. But he found his friends and familiar companions among the children of the rude and uneducated fisher-folk. In many ways the book reminds us of the writings of Richard Jefferies; but the autobiographer is fresher than Jefferies was in his later style, and altogether free from literary affectation. The village in which the boy was brought up was situated between the seashore and the marshes. The life of the inhabitants was at best a hard and rough struggle for existence. They were all amphibious, and fishermen of course; but there was no accessible market for the fish. They had very little respect for the law, and were rather beyond reach of its arm. They went shooting in the marshes, generally with leave from the marsh-owners; but they had slight scruples as to breaking bounds and poaching on the arable borderland. They were all more or less interested in smuggling, and the luckiest of them had regular engagements on smuggling craft, and consequently lived in relative luxury. Spirits, tea, and tobacco were to be had almost for the taking. But the occupation, although lucrative, had its risks and its perils. Every now and then there were bloody encounters between the contrabandists and the Coastguard or the revenue cutters. Beyond the chance of being killed or wounded in the skirmish, capture meant conviction and a heavy sentence. Even the more respectable folks who were content to connive at the illicit traffic, and accept smuggling fees in the shape of strong liquor or groceries, seldom survived to cope with the patriarchs. They succumbed prematurely to the fevers and agues which are known in the Eastern fens as "the Marsh bailiffs"; and when the undrained and filthy villages were visited by epidemics, whole households were struck down or swept away. The most sensational passages in the book are concerned with the smuggling. Opposite the venerable mansion of the Portreeve, in the nearest town of any importance, a vessel in the "preventive service" was always moored. Three of these ships were always on patrol duty, within five short miles of the seaboard. "Yet from the creek, in spite of these, the wives and daughters of the more prosperous inhabitants received from time to time mysterious packages which were always opened in the privacy of their own chambers; and they appeared on special occasions in fine silk, satin, or brocade." Bottles of Eau de Cologne and square green flasks of Hollands were found in the stomachs of the cod-fish which were generously distributed as gifts. All due precautions were taken against detection, and the very architecture of the houses had been planned in conformity with the local industry. Inland, we are told of a quaint old mansion, owned for many years by the fervent and soul-stirring preacher of a dissenting communion. The writer asked an ancient man about it, when it had been abandoned and fallen into ruins. "Ah, there's hidden places in that 'ere chimney as no man could think on. . . . 'Tis a powerful, strong-built place; all the wood is oak; those big beams that runs across the ceiling have got box places like in 'em, fur them as knows where to look fur 'em." And there was a more pretentious residence in one of the villages on the coast, with trapdoors in the roof, and secret staircases, leading to nooks behind massive stacks of quaint chimneys, whence signal lights could be flashed over the sea, though invisible to watchers on the shore. Of course superstition reigned supreme, and the wandering fires that flitted over the surface of the swamps, were popularly known as corpse-candles. They were the restless spirits of the sinful dead, who had come to sudden and untimely ends. There was one dismal spot which was specially avoided. It was a church in a lonely little churchyard, surrounded by a black pine copse. Horrible sounds were to be heard there after dark—the shrieking and the wailing of souls in torment. The fact was that the church-tower was haunted by owls, and the pine wood was infested by a colony of wild cats of phenomenal size and ferocity.

But the boy had little inducement to turn aside to that haunted solitude, when the marshes were alive with all manner

of birds. There were many of them which bred there; either among the pebbles above high-water mark on the beach, or in the tussocks of strong, coarse grass, or in the thickets of almost impracticable sedges. The butterflies of many a rare species come out in swarms in the summer-time, and all the hosts of migrants make the marshes a halting-place in the spring and the autumn. But the bustle and the clamour were the greatest with the setting in of the winter. The prolongation of hard frost was heralded by the flocking inland of all the waders and the sea-fowl. The ducks gradually drifted shorewards, to feed on the mussels or cockles and tiny crabs. The sanderlings, stints, and dunlins swarmed on the sands and the mud; there were mobs of clamorous curlews and clouds of plover. The misanthropic herons stood mounting solitary guard wherever there was a ripple of water in motion. When the snow was drifting before the easterly gales, and the weather was exceptionally severe, these hosts of birds became ravenous. The waders, eagerly watching each other, were never at rest for a moment; the "curlews rushed about in all directions, shrieking and whistling"; and the robber gulls, on the hover overhead, were on the lookout for anything; dropping down upon a crippled wild fowl, and making nothing of bolting a small bird. The fishermen shuddered at what they might have to go through, as they wistfully noted the arrival of these northern hordes. The author explains, by the way, that there are times when the strongest of the water-fowl cannot keep the sea. Even the most powerful of the diving-ducks will get drowned when they are beaten down by the gales, and when billow follows fast on billow, without leaving them breathing-space. But the aspect of the country, with the manners of its inhabitants, had been transformed or revolutionized when he wrote his last chapter. The railway had been driven through the swamps and the sedges; the marshes had been thoroughly drained, so that the birds had almost deserted the district; there were commodious jetties for steamers in the place of the old sea-walls, with their huge driven piles, covered with seaweed; the long-neglected churches had been desecrated and restored; and the sons of the smugglers had been bound over to a law-abiding life by the reform of the Revenue tariff and by stricter surveillance. But, on the other hand, the insalubrious and odoriferous towns and villages had been swept, and cleansed, and garnished; substantial modern dwellings had replaced the picturesque but rickety old cottages, and the tide of life was flowing in the streets in which the echo of each casual footfall had been deadened by the carpeting of grass.

A Week in a Wherry on the Norfolk Broads takes us into a country not dissimilar, in many respects, to the Kentish marshlands, and which, till recently, had been as seldom explored by strangers. There, too, the inhabitants were given to intermarriages, and not a few of them led a solitary and semi-savage existence, living by fishing and fowling, and making, in the season, enormous captures of eels, which they could seldom sell to advantage. There, too, they had regular communication with the coast smugglers, and regarded any stray visitor who ventured among them with not unreasonable suspicion. And, like the Kentish marshmen, they could never acclimate themselves to the fevers of their native swamps. They generally suffered severely from rheumatism and ague-fits in premature old age, although they dosed themselves freely with spirits and quinine. But there, too, the changes have been equally great, what with the progress of reclamation works and the development of roads. The inhabitants have been gradually brought into the world, or, rather, the world has been going to them. Wherries on the Broads, carrying jovial summer parties, have become as common as house-boats on the Thames or dahabiehs on the Nile. It is not a life to suit every one. The boatmen do the hard work—the punting, or "quanting"—and the good folks who charter the craft do the lotus-eating and the lounging. Everything, of course, must depend on the weather, for confinement in a low-roofed cabin about the size of a railway-carriage can hardly be considered the height of enjoyment. "Blue Peter" and his companions were comparatively fortunate, but their adventures in their wherry were scarcely so exciting as to justify the publication of the log. We have heard all about the Broad district and its semi-aquatic population from Mr. Christopher Davies, and since Mr. Davies wrote the scenery, in all its aspects, has been admirably photographed and annotated. But this little volume is entertaining enough, and would have been more amusing had not the writer been systematically and laboriously comical. But it is fair to say that his high spirits seem by no means forced. He and his friends were the very people to make the best of a cruise in a wherry, with its pleasures, its dulness, and its privations. The Commodore and Purser were both married men, and like good husbands they took their wives along with them. They had laid in a liberal stock of patience and good temper, and they victualled themselves appropriately with salt junk and biscuit, in the shape of a super-excellent round of Scotch spiced beef and sundry tins of American cream-crackers. The cellar, of course, was not neglected; they could supply themselves with poultry, vegetables, and dairy produce at the ports where they touched, and the worst hardship to which they had to submit seems to have been the want of ice in sultry weather. As they were anglers, they might have been supposed to have kept themselves in fish; but the less said about their fishing the better. On one occasion they made what must be called a miraculous draught of about fifty small and coarse fishes of various kinds; but generally when they toiled they caught nothing. The Purser, who was an enthusiast in

* *Annals of a Fishing Village*. Drawn from the Notes of "A Son of the Marshes." Edited by J. A. Owen. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

A Week in a Wherry on the Norfolk Broads. By "Blue Peter." Illustrated by "The Purser." London: Leadenhall Press.

photography, was more successful in his pursuit. Even among the lonely Broads, as elsewhere in Norfolk, the county appears to have been strangely over-churched, and the magnitude of some of the churches for small hamlets he has photographed strikes us almost more than the purity of the style and the chaste beauty of the architecture. Altogether the little volume is a pretty, though very slight, memorial of a short and pleasant trip.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MME. DE JANZÉ has written a book on Musset (1) which, if not in every respect critical or well informed, is enthusiastic, readable, and enriched with some unpublished documents. She is a liberal-minded lady, and quotes with approval not merely "Lord Lytton-Bulver," but a poet "Georges Brouning," to whom, it seems, England has just been doing magnificent funerals. We do not quite see how, unless the dinner took place in the other world (whither, indeed, the poet-banker may have taken his hospitable habits), Rogers can have made a remark to Lamartine about Béranger, after Béranger's death, seeing that the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* died considerably before the author of *Dans un grenier* and the *Roi d'Yvetot*. But what do these things, or certain little asides about General Boulanger and the Duchess d'Uzès, matter? Among the things that do matter, it may be observed that Mme. de Janzé, who certainly knows a good deal both of the published and unpublished documents of the affair, by no means supports M. Arsène Houssaye's assertion that the breach with George Sand caused the poet little real grief. On the other hand, we wish she had not thought it necessary to argue him a greater poet than M. This and M. That. These comparisons are not only odious, but also otiose.

It is, perhaps, natural that Frenchmen should take pleasure in seeing that one heart (like that of the Minstrel Boy) beat with them in their troubles of twenty years since. Herr Horn (2) was a Hungarian journalist, now dead, who, at the time of the terrible year, fulminated in the columns of Buda-Pest journals against the blood-and-ironness of Bismarck, the pusillanimity of Europe, and so forth. It was generous and friendly of him. A good deal of what he said is true, and it is not too necessary to inquire whether, in the mouth of a Hungarian, it did not represent rather more a wholly unfeigned dislike of Germany than an utterly disinterested friendship for France. Frenchmen, especially, are not bound to make any such inquiry; but, for others than Frenchmen, the book is not important reading, and for them we do not know that it is very much to be prescribed. This is, indeed, a sentiment which seems to inform, or at least to lurk beneath, a preface excellently written, and of course complimentary, but rather testy and uneasy in parts, which M. Jules Simon has furnished.

We have read careful and good work of M. Hippolyte Verly's on subjects of Flanders and Brabant before now, and his *Van Brabant et Cie* (3), the story of the fortunes of a Lille manufactory of flaxen and hempen goods, deserves the same description. M. Cauvain's title (4) may excite among the reprobate hopes which will not be fulfilled. It comes to little more than a caution against marrying a young woman who has, with this object or that, had ultra-medieval ideas about marriage instilled into her. But then, if you are a great general—*Les frères Zemganno* (5) is well enough known to those who know the manner of the MM. de Goncourt, and M. Edmond in particular. It is "very well got up," as Fergus Melvor remarked; it possesses no other merit that we can distinguish. It now appears in a form similar to that of the well-known Collection Guillaume, which has popularized so much of M. Daudet, with illustrations well drawn but smudgily printed. M. Boiella has, as we understand, completed, with *Quatre-vingt-treize* (6), his idea of presenting a school edition of Victor Hugo's romances. Many worse ideas have been conceived, and many even better ideas worse executed.

The *Annales de l'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques* often contains good work bearing on countries outside of France; and we can specially recommend a paper in its April issue by M. Labordère, on "Les grandes compagnies coloniales anglaises de notre temps." Indeed, we are ashamed to say that we do not know to what English publication we could refer an English reader anxious for such concise, but full and well-arranged, information of the same kind on the same subject.

(1) *Etude et récits sur Alfred de Musset*. Par la Vicomtesse de Janzé. Paris: Plon.

(2) *La grande nation*. Par F. Horn. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Van Brabant et Cie*. Par Hippolyte Verly. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Le mari de saur Thérèse*. Par H. Cauvain. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Les frères Zemganno*. Par Edmond de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.

(6) *Quatre-vingt-treize*. Edited by J. Boiella. London: Arnold.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ELISABETH, by birth a Princess of the House of Wied, by marriage Queen of Roumania, but better known wherever books are read by her pseudonym, Carmen Sylva, has found a biographer, and we suppose a translator, in Mme. Blanche Roosevelt, who has appended to a sketch, more picturesque than critical, of the Queen's life and works, translations of two of her tales, "The Mother-in-Law" and "In Fetters" (Chapman & Hall). The personality of this gifted Royal lady, whether we choose to consider her as Elisabeth of Roumania, the benefactress of her adopted people, the foundress of countless institutions for the benefit of its suffering poor, or as Carmen Sylva, poet, dramatist, novelist, and romance-writer, is of an interest which demands a more discriminating chronicler than Mme. Roosevelt, whose principal qualifications for her task appear to be a personal acquaintance with, and an unbounded belief in, her author; two phenomena which indeed not unfrequently accompany each other in the pages of would-be critical biography, and are none the less likely to be found in conjunction when the writer under discussion chances to be a crowned head. Occasionally Mme. Roosevelt lapses into high-flown twaddle, which reads like the efforts of the descriptive reporter, as, for instance, when, describing the Queen's departure from a London railway station, she says, "The red carpet stretched to the Royal carriage was a veritable bed of roses, and the Queen, a second goddess, walked forth on her floral tapestry." "Floral tapestry" is, from the penny-a-liner's point of view, distinctly precious, and if the Queen was a second goddess, who, in this connexion, was the first?

Living in a railroad age and at railroad speed, do we, or, at any rate, do the vast majority of us, subsist as regards our mental pabulum on railroad literature? Such appears to be the fear of Miss Hannah Lynch, who by expanding the matter of a lecture delivered by her not long ago in Paris has produced an interesting little volume which she entitles *George Meredith: a Study* (Methuen).

Miss Lynch has acquitted herself of her task in good literary style; but is there even in these latter days of constant importations from America such a word in the English language as "unanalyzable"? If so, we feel certain there should not be; a word so hideous both to write and to speak should be its own death-warrant.

The University Extension Series could not be better employed than with the subject matter of Mr. John A. Hobson's *Problems of Poverty: an Inquiry into the Industrial Condition of the Poor* (Methuen), wherein he deals concisely and clearly with some of the most pressing questions of the day, such as the effects of machinery on the condition of the working classes, the influx of population into the large towns, and the corresponding depopulation of agricultural England, and the Sweating System, its causes and remedies. In an interesting chapter on the moral aspects of poverty he combats the generally accepted idea that destitution is in the majority of cases to be traced to drink, vice, and idleness, and gives, on the authority of Mr. Charles Booth, the following table as the result of a careful analysis of 4,000 cases of "very poor." Of these

4	per cent.	are "loafers."
14	"	are attributed to drink and thriftlessness.
27	"	are due to illness, large families, or other misfortunes.
55	"	are assigned to "questions of employment."

These are figures which may well give pause to those who expect to find a panacea for all human ills in local option and a blue ribbon.

In *Natural Selection and Tropical Nature* (Macmillan & Co.) Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace has reprinted two volumes of essays which appeared respectively in 1870 and 1878, and have been long out of print. Though dealing throughout with technical matters, Mr. Wallace has been careful to keep within the comprehension of the general reader; and by no means the least interesting chapter in a volume where all is of interest is devoted to the discussion of "Mimicry and other protective resemblances among animals." The least scientific mind could not fail to be fascinated by the manner in which, with a quantity of illustrative example seemingly inexhaustible, Mr. Wallace brings home to us the fact that "concealment, more or less complete, is useful to many animals, absolutely essential to some"; and that, that being so, "it is remarkable in how many cases nature gives this boon to the animal by colouring it with such tints as may best serve to enable it to escape from its enemies or to entrap its prey." This natural law is copiously illustrated by instances of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects. Of similar scope, though perhaps less readily to be assimilated by the lay mind, is a chapter in the latter part of the book on "The Colours of Animals and Sexual Selection."

In *A Girl in the Karpathians* (Philip & Son), Miss Mémie Muriel Dowie narrates her experiences in that somewhat unconventional hunting-ground of the tourist, Galicia; experiences, it may be added, acquired under no very conventional circumstances, as the young lady travelled apparently without an escort, and, to use her own words, "induced herself with the tweed suit, skirt, coat, and knickerbockers, in which she had decided to face every climatic possibility for two months." Thus "induced," she appears, from start at Kolomyja to finish at Cracow, to have enjoyed herself considerably, and has possibly compiled this record of her wanderings with the benevolent desire of imparting

this enjoyment to others. Her style, however, lacks that crispness of touch which alone can render interesting such a chronicle of trivialities as she presents to her readers.

The second volume of *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors of Harvard University (Ginn & Co.), is before us. In addition to various ingenious and scholarly contributions on themes both Greek and Latin, it contains an article by John Williams White on the "Stage in Aristophanes," in which the writer makes out a very good case for his contention that, in order to present the plays of that dramatist, the chorus cannot have been separated from the actors by a difference of level between stage and orchestra, as was the case in the performance of the Greek tragedies. He supports this view by reference to the text of Aristophanes and to the results of recent excavations at Epidaurus, Assos, Oropus, and elsewhere, and of the final excavation of the Theatre of Dionysus, at Athens, in 1886.

Mr. Sponge was wont to solace the duller moments of his "Sporting Tour" with the perusal of Mogg's "Guide to Cabs and Cab-fares." The Soapy Sponges of the present day will surely find agreeable occupation in turning over, under similar circumstances, the pages of the *Sportsman's, Tourist's, and General Time-tables and Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), though we must not forget that the tastes of the original Soapy Sponge were more those of a "sporting-man" than of a "sportsman." This compendious little volume, whose title is nearly as long as an ordinary preface, contains very ample information as to how to reach the "happy hunting grounds" of the North, and how to enjoy oneself when there. The most minute and practical details are not omitted; for, besides railway time-tables and descriptions of the lochs and rivers, there is a voluminous, if not exhaustive, list of "the shootings of Scotland," wherein are chronicled, of each holding, the acreage—specifying how much is arable, how much moorland, and how much wood—the probable bag, and the details of the accommodation of the residence; while in another part is to be found a table of the rents of the "shootings and salmon fishings," with their proprietors and tenants. For such a work—maps and advertisements thrown in—Mr. Sponge would, without doubt, desert "Mogg" for good.

Macaulay's *Essays* have been before us, and especially of late years, in so many and popular forms, that we are little disposed to welcome with enthusiasm their issue as the latest instalment of the "Minerva Library of Famous Books" (Ward, Lock, & Co.) Double columns are always trying to the eye, and in this case the margin is reduced to a minimum, and space is further infringed upon to allow the introduction of irritating "headlines," on the American principle, at least twice a page; the result is a typography nearly as trying to the reader as that of "Bradshaw."

The *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, Vol. II. (Vizetelly and Co.), is a better specimen of the printer's art, but it also is disfigured by a copious use of modern "headlines" of very Transatlantic tone, such as "Strange Behaviour of the First Gentleman in Europe," and "Stringent New Regulations."

In connexion with the Royal Naval Exhibition, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company have published a Guide-book, which, while partaking to some extent of the nature of a trade circular, is no uninteresting contribution to recent and contemporary history. The P. and O. Company is an important link between the home country and its Eastern possessions, and has at grave crises, notably in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, borne its share in the defence of the Empire. The history of its growth is, therefore, much more than the history of the growth of a mere trading Company, and this record of its career will accordingly interest many who may have no intention of chartering its services.

We have also received *Juniors German*, by Franz Lange, Ph.D. (Librairie Hachette et Cie), and *Cassell's Storehouse of General Information*, Part IV. (Cassell & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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LONDON LIBRARY, St. James's Square, S.W.—The **FIFTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING** of the Members will be held in the Reading-Room on Thursday, May 23, at 3 P.M. The Very Rev. the **DEAN OF WESTMINSTER** will take the Chair.
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RADLEY COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS. There will be an ELECTION to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS (two of £30, one of £20, and one of £40) on Friday, July 17, 1891. Open to boys under the age of fourteen on January 1, 1891.—For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more, open to competition at Midsummer, 1891, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £60 a year in cases of scholars who require it.

Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER OF SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

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NEXT SESSION begins TUESDAY, May 19.

DENSTONE COLLEGE. HALF-TERM will begin on June 18. Classical and Modern Studies. Terms, 24 Guineas. Head-Master's House, 45 Guineas. For prospectus apply to the Rev. D. EDWARDS, M.A., Head-Master, Denstone College, Uttoxeter.

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WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up Vacancies on the Foundation and Exhibitions will begin on July 7.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE, SCHOLARSHIPS.—One of £75; seven of £20; three of £30 per annum. Examination on July 14th and 15th.—For particulars apply to the Head-Master, Rev. T. HAYES BELCHER, The College, Brighton.

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